

Drambuie originated in the Isle of Skye where it was made in accordance with the recipe presented to a Mackinnon by Prince Charlie in 1745. The secret remains in the same family to this day.

CALL CALDWELL'S FOR YOUR

Drambuie

AS SUPPLIED BY CALDWELL'S, MACARTHUR & CO., LTD.

KING'S PRINCESS

TO-DAY



EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
KING'S At 11.30 a.m. PRINCESS At 11.00 a.m.
20th Century-Fox presents
A Variety Programme of
NEW TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS TO-MORROW
Extra Show at 12.10 p.m.
Talwar Films presents an Indian Production
Meena Kumari and Kishore in
"RUKHSANA"
Dance sequences in GEVACOLOR
Produced & Directed by R. C. Talwar
With English Subtitles — At Regular Prices

HOOVER: LIBERTY
CAUSEWAY BAY TEL 72371 KOWLOON TEL 50333

LAST 2 DAYS 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

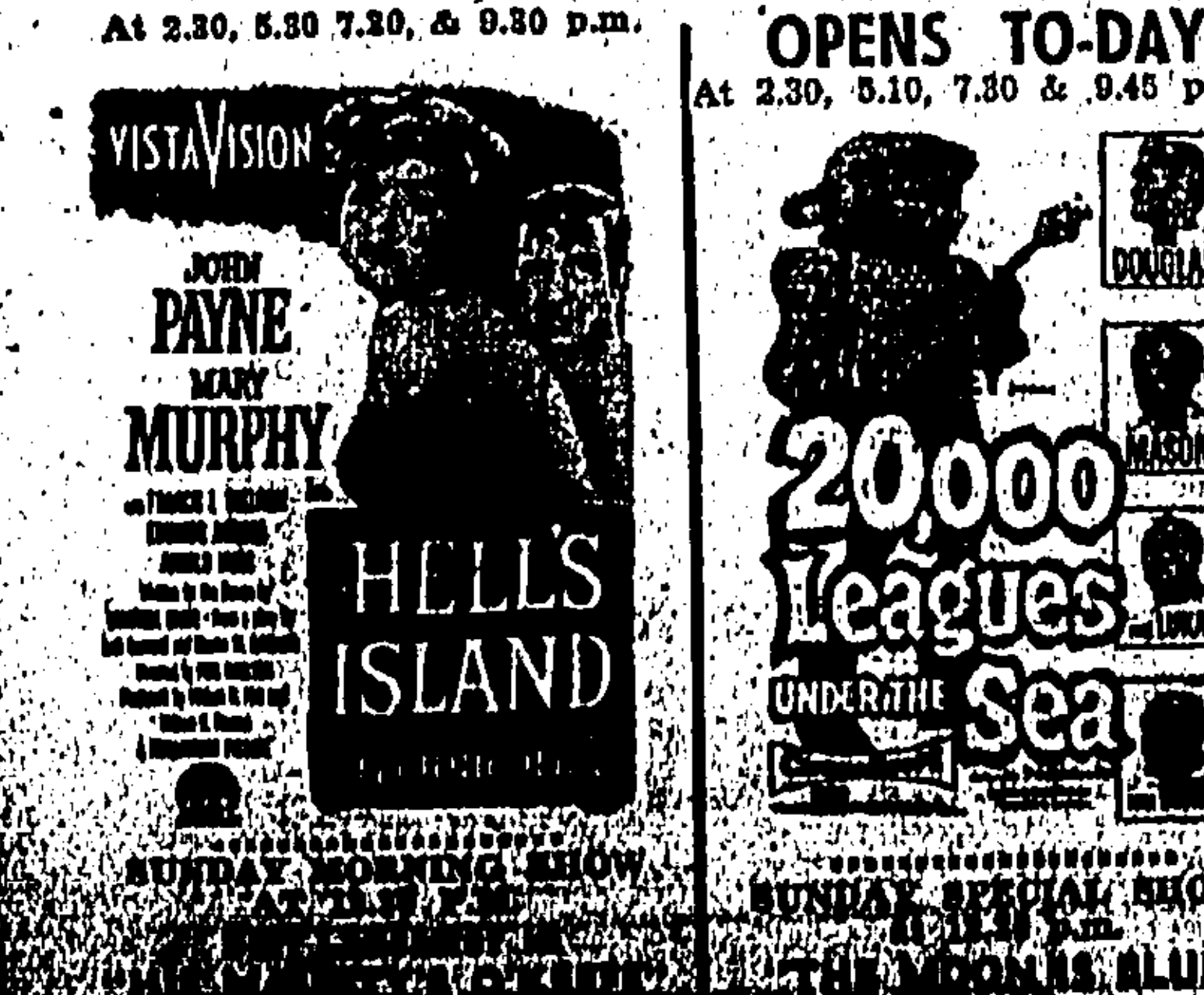


ALSO: M-C-M COLOR CARTOON in CINEMASCOPE
SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION
Hoover at 12.00 Noon Liberty at 12.30 p.m.
"7 BRIDES FOR 7 BROTHERS" with Jane Powell and Howard Keel
"BRIGADOON" with Gene Kelly and Cyd Charisse

STARTING MONDAY
OPEN WAR BLAZED — IN THE UNDERWORLD!



CAPITOL RITZ
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30, & 9.30 p.m.



FILMS

Current & Coming

BY JANE ROBERTS

George Sanders makes a smooth villain in "Moonfleet". Stewart Granger employs the familiar swag-bucklers and young Jon Whiteley is less precocious than most juveniles appear on the screen.
However, I found the whole too disjointed and lacking in attention to detail.
It is quite unashamedly a melodrama and therefore cannot be criticised from the acting point of view, which means that it stands or falls by its action. Of that, there was not enough. I don't mean that there should have been more swordplay—I find this extremely tedious anyway—or that there were too few last-minute rescues. It was just that the whole cast appeared to be a little bored with the story, its outcome, and each other.
When Joan Greenwood is such an accomplished actress it is sad to see her behaving in such an obvious way, as the femme fatale.
She is the wife of Lord Ashley—played by George Sanders—and is called upon to vump Stewart Granger into a smuggling partnership with her husband. This suits Granger, Sanders and Miss Greenwood and it's a race to see who is going to look more knowing about the other's motives. However, she is so sure of her charms and so autocratic in her demand for attention that in spite of her beauty and undoubted fascination, she becomes irritating.
Viveca Lindfors' exotic make-up looked as out of place in the conservative little south coast town of Moonfleet as a bikini at a Ball, and in spite of the fact that she was supposed to have come from "foreign parts" it would have been more logical if Stewart Granger had been allowed to advise her to dress less spectacularly.
Jon Whiteley, though a trifle precious, makes the most of his part as the young orphan, and his devotion to Stewart Granger is almost as touching as the producer intended it to be.

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Some Peeps Into The Future

Recently we were treated to a series of trailers by the Roxy, giving us a glimpse of what we can expect from them during the next few months.
Some of the scenes were from films that came here to the acceptance of a vast amount of publicity and either lived up to it, appearing for as long as three weeks, sometimes, or vanished in a puff of disappointed public opinion.
But the majority were peeps into the future.
All the pictures shown at the Roxy and Broadway theatres are from the studios of the 20th Century Fox company, so it was inevitable that many of their contract players appear several times in different roles. It was interesting to notice how some are falling victims to this dreadful disease of type-casting, and others are being developed to show off as many sides of their personalities as possible.
Our own Joan Collins is an example of the latter treatment.

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

EMPIRE: "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp". An Indian version of the age-old story.
HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Moonfleet". Smuggling and piracy along the English Channel coast in the 18th century. Stewart Granger, Viveca Lindfors, Joan Greenwood, Jon Whiteley and George Sanders.
KING'S and PRINCESS: "Abbott and Costello Meet the Mummy". Fun and games around the tombs of ancient Egypt. With Marie Windsor and Peggy King.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Doctor at Sea". A hilarious successor to "Doctor in the House" and more amusing than its predecessor. Dick Bogarde, James Robertson Justice, Brenda de Banzie, Michael Medwin and Brigitte Bardot.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Land of the Pharaohs". Mostly spectacle, thousands of extras chipping away at one of the pyramids, and Joan Collins dressed in as little as the censor would allow. Jack Hawkins and Dewey Martin.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "Niagara". One of Marilyn Monroe's early pictures in which her particular brand of glamour is exploited to the full. With Joseph Cotten and Jean Peters.

COMING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Bob Mathias Story". Some of the events in the life of America's popular athlete. Bob and Melba Mathias, with Ward Bond.
HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Recoil". A thriller, British style. Kieron Moore, Elizabeth Sellars and Edward Underdown. "Bedevilled". Steve Forrest and Ann Baxter romantically teamed.
"The Cobweb". The problems of both the patients and staff of a mental home. A fine performance from Richard Widmark. Others involved are Charles Boyer, Lauren Bacall, Gloria Grahame, Adele Jergens and Lillian Gish.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Woman For Joe". An unusual story of a circus midwife who falls in love with an ordinary girl. Well presented, it is nevertheless a little too bizarre to be credible. Diane Cilento, George Baker and Danny Kaye.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Dam Busters". A moving and well acted film showing the difficulties that were overcome in the development of the bomb that smashed the Moehne and Eder dams, and climaxing with the raid itself. Richard Todd and Michael Redgrave.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "Seven Cities of Gold". Two soldiers and a priest head an expedition to claim the territory of California for Spain. Anthony Quinn, Richard Egan and Michael Rennie, with Rita Moreno.

In "Land of the Pharaohs" she is a scheming little hussy which calls for hardly anything in the way of acting ability, but which shows off the Collins form with as much frankness as the censor will allow.

She provided the love interest in "The Virgin Queen", which with Bette Davis dominating the screen as the Queen, could hardly have been expected to produce much in the way of a plum part. Her duties were to look arch, coy, pert, yet sympathetic; all of which are qualities without which no starlet could even get into a producer's office.

A Little Nobody In The Chorus

In "The Girl In The Red Velvet Swing" she is given more scope however, and it will probably establish her as one of the coming stars, for she allows herself to be managed properly. Ray Milland, Joan Collins and Farley Granger feature in this period piece—Edwardian, I think—about showgirls, stage-door johnnies, champagne parties for the entire cast, and a cause celebre in the history of the New York stage.
It concerns a little nobody in the chorus—the kind of part that Joan Simmons takes so well, a female spider equipped with the trappings of an ostensible innocence and a suburban accent—who hero-worships an older man, whose intentions aren't quite as honourable as hers.
It's a strange part for Ray Milland, this philanthropist, whose main enemy is his own restless heart. He loves his wife, but can't resist the youth, high spirits and adoration of the young chorus girl.
There's not much room in a role of this sort for the kind of charm that Ray Milland usually exudes. In spite of the fact that he is made to appear a man at war with himself, it's not a sympathetic role and the frankly middle-aged part seems to weigh heavily on him.
Joan Collins appears to have improved since her earlier roles, in spite of her pseudo-American accent, but Farley Granger, whose discontented face and brooding manner have never appealed to me, doesn't seem to have departed from his usual flamboyant style of acting. A rather unpleasant young man in a rather unpleasant part. He is called upon to pursue Miss Collins, forcing his unwelcome attentions on her when she is unashamedly in love with a married man.

Not Our Cup Of Tea

Later, when her association with the older man is at an end and she is turning towards Farley Granger, he is unbalanced enough to shoot her former lover—tragically doing it in the middle of a cabaret show. Not Granger is not my cup of tea at all—his looks outweigh his intelligence.
There's a good performance from Glenda Farrell, as the mother of the chorus girl, and one line from her I especially liked. In the flush of her investigation of Ray Milland, Joan Collins is seeking reassurance from her mother that she is pretty. "Sure you're pretty" replies her mother. "But I've seen more tears roll down a pretty face than down a plain one."

Another coming picture is "The Tall Men", which is a western. It's set in 1885 and has Clark Gable and Robert Ryan as two uneasy partners in a venture that involves driving an enormous herd of cattle across the grassy lands of North America. Mr. Gable and Mr. Ryan are not at all happy in their association, two factors, besides their essential difference of temperament being instrumental in providing the discord.
One is Gable's trigger-happy younger brother, played by Dane Clark. A truculent youth (though I should have said that Dane Clark was getting a little old to be referred to as a "wild brother") who is constantly battling the worldly, dandified Ryan, and causing his elder brother to defend him.

Clark Gable As A Lone Wolf

The other is Jane Russell. It's the usual triangle, Robert Ryan likes Jane Russell, who likes Clark Gable, who is a lone-wolf type of character with no inclination to add a woman to his responsibilities.
From the shots of this picture, the colour looked good, Jane Russell harder than usual, and both Robert Ryan and Clark Gable, not to speak of the aforementioned "wild brother", older than they would probably like to be thought.
We saw some shots of Jane Russell and Clark Gable lying under a covered wagon, blazing away (both of them) at a band of attacking Redskins. Others of Jane Powell taking a bath and singing of her performance for "Tall Men" (strictly bath-tub singing that).
It's hard to say how this one will look when seen full length, but from the extracts, it appears to be a glamourised western, retrieved by the CinemaScope photography.
"Seven Cities of Gold" will follow "Niagara", into the Roxy and Broadway next week and the shots from this intriguing picture, but the locale this time is California.
Not having seen it in its entirety I can't say whether the promise shown by Michael Rennie in the extracts is sustained throughout the film. But the few scenes shown promote hopes that his tailor's dummy days are over. He shows feeling, understanding of his role as a priest, and dominates all the sequences in which he appears.
Richard Egan, on the other hand, seems to have retreated in the acting field, though this is possibly an unfair observation to make without having seen the complete picture.

Meeting With A Mummy

As of all films based on the mannerisms of a pair of comedians, there is little to say about the new Abbott and Costello picture "Meet the Mummy" except that if you like them, this is for you.
Comedians cannot afford to depart from their practiced tricks, and audiences would probably set up a great howl if they did.
However, in case, even though you are an A & C fan, you get a little bored with watching their antics around the Egyptian tombs, there are Marie Windsor and Peggy King thrown in for good measure.

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'Pharaohs' Still Popular

With the success of "Land of the Pharaohs" at the Queen's and Alhambra continuing, it'll be next week before "The Dam Busters" appears.
Let me assure you that the wait is well worth while.
For the rest, with a reversal of the serial writer's injunction—see last week!

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

3RD WEEK + THE 16TH DAY

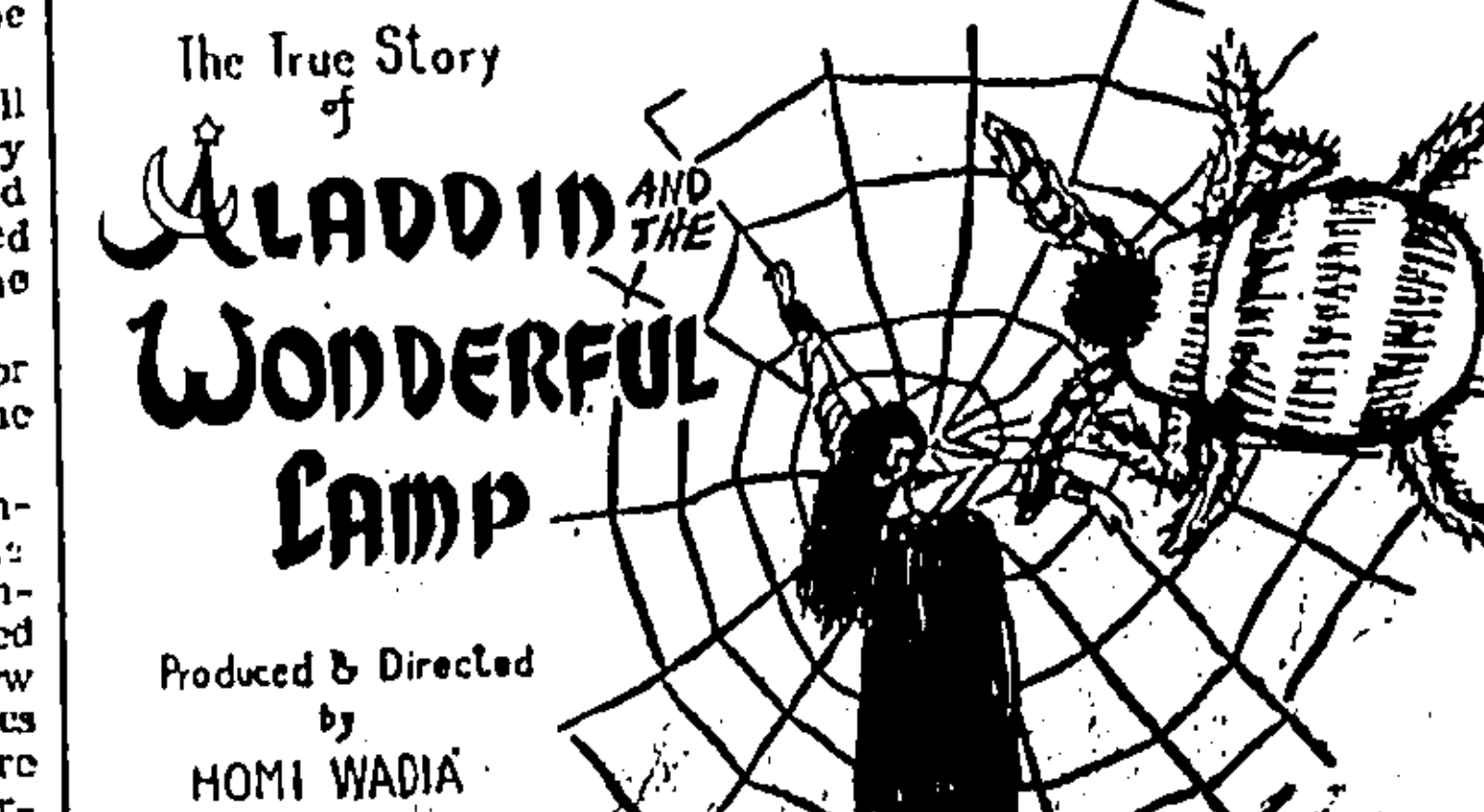


TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS
QUEEN'S 5 SHOWS
ALHAMBRA At 11.30 a.m. Only MGM's Technicolor "PAGAN LOVE SONG" Esther Williams AT REDUCED PRICES!

EMPIRE

SHOWING TO-DAY

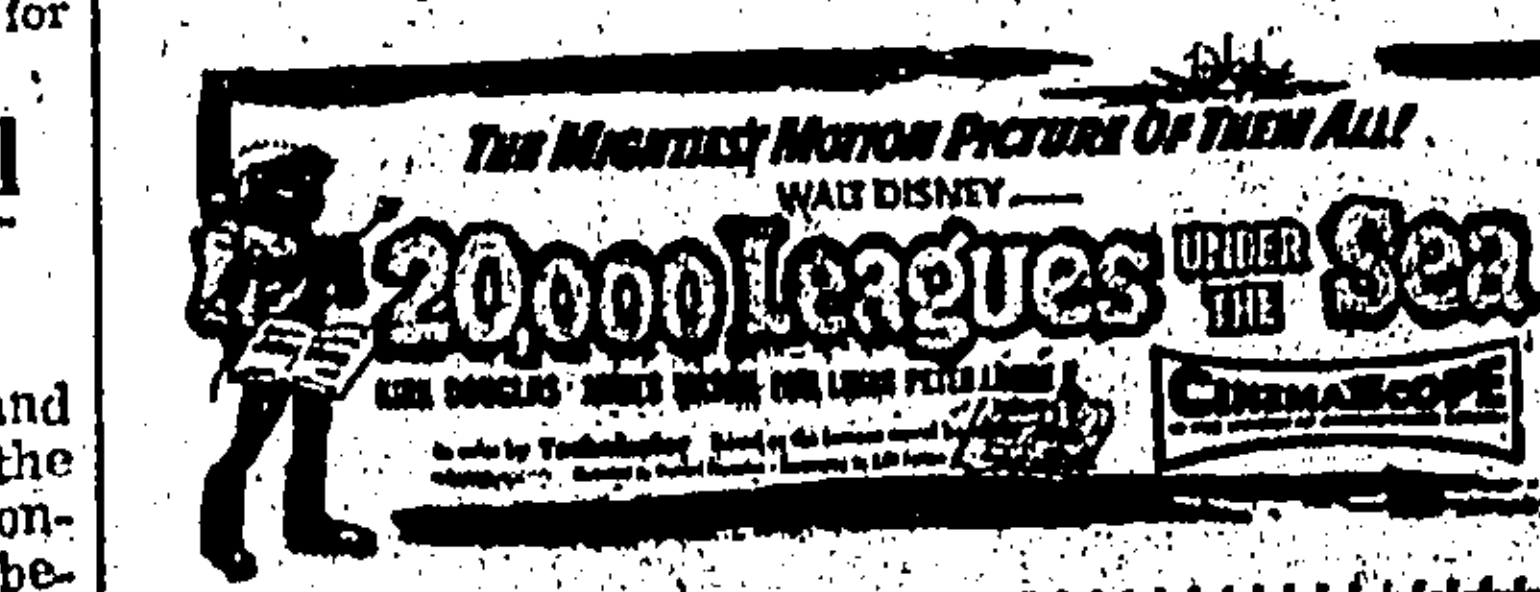
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



Produced & Directed by HOMI WADIA
Magic Runs Riot! Oriental Art at its Best! See it to Believe it!
Exotic Beauties, Fantastic Dances! Be Sure To Take Your Children to See it!
With English Sub-titles! See the Best of the Magic Lamp! See the Best of the Magic Lamp!

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.00 A.M. "WITH A SONG IN MY HEART" In Technicolor Starring: SUSAN HAYWARD • RORY CALHOUN Reduced Prices At 40 Cts., 70 Cts. & \$1.00 Only

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
CinemaScope with Stereophonic Sound — Wide Screen!



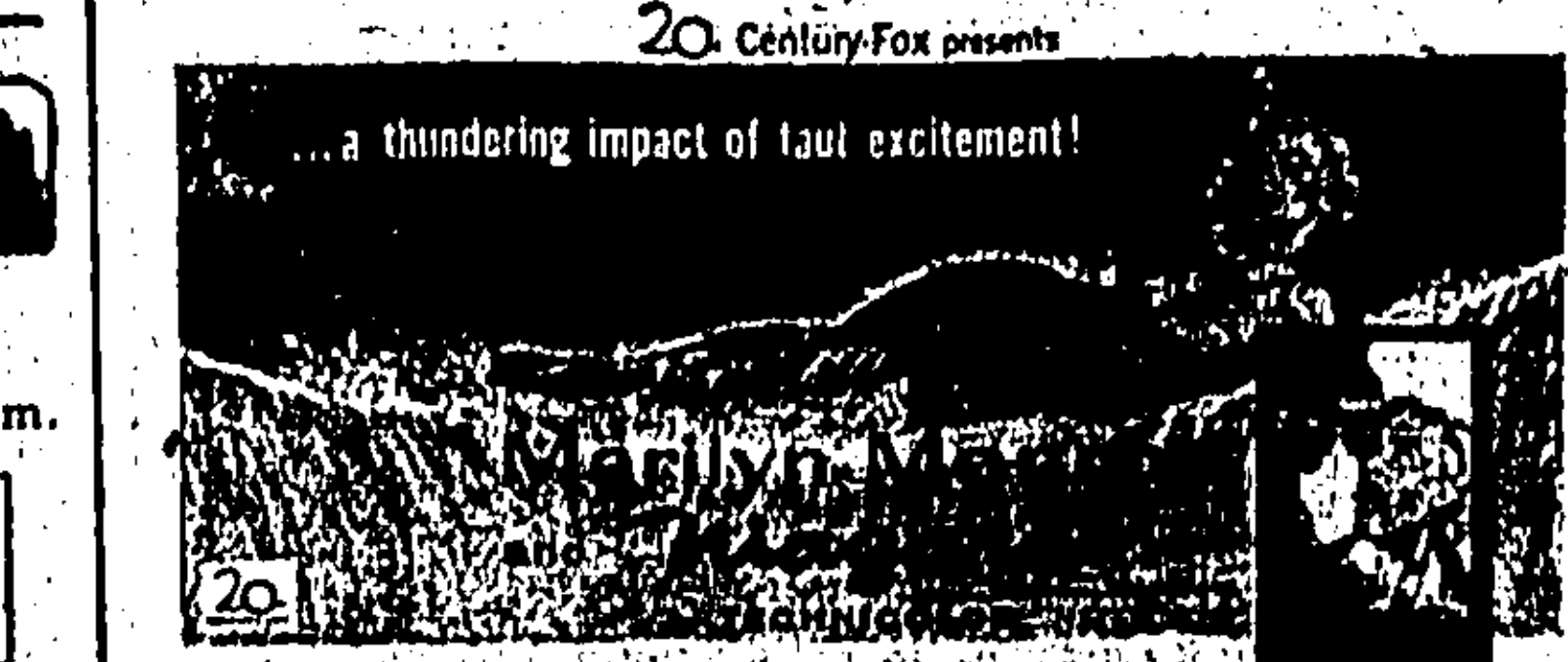
FIVE (5) SHOWS TO-MORROW 12.30—2.30—5.30—7.30 & 9.30 P.M. "20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA"

HONG KONG STAGE CLUB

Present "THE MISER" at the CHINA FLEET CLUB on 8th December — 9.00 p.m. 9th December — 7.30 p.m. 10th December — 9.00 p.m. Advance Booking at Moutries—Chater Road (No Telephone Bookings) The first performance will be a "Benefit Night" in aid of the Hong Kong Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

ROXY & BROADWAY

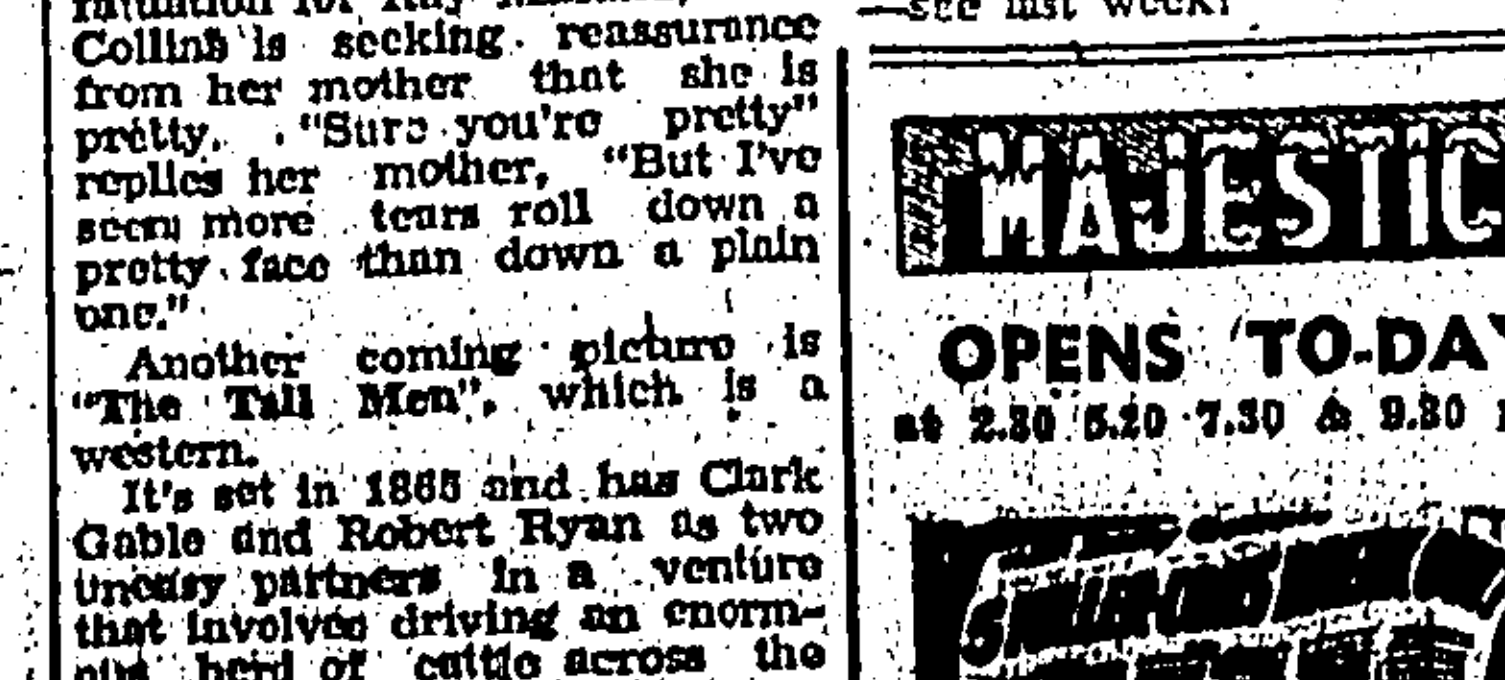
OPENS TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW At 12.00 Noon
ROXY: Walt Disney's Full-length Technicolor Cartoons "PINOCCHIO" Presented by M.G.M.
BROADWAY: Walt Disney's TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS "PINOCCHIO" Presented by M.G.M.

ROXY & BROADWAY

OPENS TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



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BROADWAY: Walt Disney's TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS "PINOCCHIO" Presented by M.G.M.

MAJESTIC

OPENS TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SUNDAY MATINEE At 12.30 p.m. NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

WHY THEY GET TOO FAT!

Chicago. Americans get overweight because housewives buy too much food at one time, a nutritionist said.

"Overeating as a result of overbuying of food has become common," said Dr. William Kalb, Chairman of the New Jersey Nutrition Council.

But Dr. Kalb said weight-reducing classes also showed overweight can result from psychiatric factors.

Some parents who were "hypocritical, belittling and too demanding contributed in large measure to the obesity," he said. Their victims turn to overeating as an "outward manifestation of good strength."

More Than It Needs

But he told the annual convention of the American College of Gastroenterology that he attaches more blame to the American family's eating more than it needs.

"The idea of shopping for a whole week is a good one, but to consume the week's purchases in one or more days is not so good," he said.

"One now shops with a car, which seems to be getting smaller and smaller for the larger amount of foods that is packed in them. One refrigerator in the house is not sufficient any more," Dr. Kalb said. "We must have a refrigerator and a freezer."—United Press.

From Southwell: A Clergyman Says: "Let Babies Cry In Church."

From Chicago: Ordinary Blotting Paper Is Helping In The Fight Against Cancer.

From New York: Husbands Are Terrible At Teaching Their Wives How To Drive, A Psychologist Says.

From Mont Louis: A French Scientist Is Working On A Fantastic New Source Of Power.

THE MAN WHO TAMED THE SUN
Gives The World A Fantastic New Source Of Power

Mont-Louis, French Pyrenees. A French scientist, M. Felix Trombe, is pushing ahead with the task of harnessing a new power which he thinks will make atomic energy out-of-date—the energy of the sun.

He is already using the sun's rays to melt minerals in temperatures of 3,000 degrees Centigrade and also, paradoxically, to work a domestic refrigerator.

A steel rod held in his "solar furnace" here will melt in 20 seconds.

This tall, 40-year-old scientist, working for the French National Research Centre, is also trying to find a way of "bottling" the sun's energy so that factories and refrigerators using it can work at night

and in bad weather as well as when the sun is shining. The sun's energy, there for the taking, is a virtually inexhaustible. Its potential power has been likened to that of a gigantic hydrogen bomb continually exploding.

If he succeeds in finding a way of harnessing and storing solar energy, M. Trombe will revolutionise industry. He believes the industrial use of solar energy would transform the world, changing arid, sun-baked deserts into thriving centres of industry surrounded by fertile fields, irrigated by water drawn from depths beneath the sands by "sun pumps."

Has An Ideal Site

M. Trombe likes to declare, with a smile, that today he is only carrying on practical experiments started three centuries before Christ when Archimedes, using mirrors to concentrate the sun's rays, set fire to the Roman fleet as it sailed into Syracuse harbour. His work of harnessing the sun's energy is carried on in a mountain fort here built by Marshal Sebastian Vauban, the 17th century French Army engineer. Mont-Louis, situated at a height of over 6,200 feet in the Pyrenees is one of the sunniest places in France. It is an ideal site for the sort of experiments which M. Trombe and his team are carrying out.

Every morning, M. Trombe strides through the old

battlements of the fort to his laboratories. Wearing a tweed jacket and flannel trousers, he looks like a tourist. His official title is "Director of the Solar Energy Laboratories" but to the 603 inhabitants of Mont-Louis he is "the man who tamed the sun."

His laboratories are in a look-out post on top of the fort. On the flat roof of the laboratories stands a network of scaffolding holding two large mirrors—his "solar furnace."

A flat mirror about 37 feet high and about 47 feet across, composed of 500 square pieces, automatically follows the sun in its course and reflects its rays in a fixed direction—into a concave mirror of almost 300 square feet made up of 3,500 small mirrors.

3,000 Degrees C!

The concave mirror concentrates the sun's rays on the heart of the furnace—a water-cooled metal basin just over 18 feet away, which lies between the two mirrors. There, the converging rays of the sun generate a temperature of 3,000 degrees Centigrade.

Already, the furnace has proved its practical possibilities by melting down three tons of zirconium oxide, the melting point of which is 2,700 degrees Centigrade, for sale to industries using it to make

bricks with great heat-resistance.

M. Trombe and his team have also developed a "solar refrigerator" no bigger than an ordinary household refrigerator. This could give valuable service in sunny regions of Africa, Asia and South America, where electric current is not available.

A semi-cylindrical mirror only a few metres square reflects the sun's rays on to an ammonia solution, providing enough refrigeration for a family. This device could be fitted on to an ordinary refrigerator at a cost of £20.

Solar Motor Too

The predecessor of the Mont-Louis furnace was set up by M. Trombe at the State laboratories at Meudon, near Paris, where he used a concave mirror just over 6 feet in diameter taken from a German searchlight captured during the war.

M. Trombe moved to Mont-Louis in 1949. In addition to research aimed at storing the sun's energy, he and his team are now engaged on building what he describes as "the biggest solar furnace in the world," which, when in operation, should develop 13 times as much energy as the present one. He also has plans for a sun-powered kitchen stove and is studying the possibilities of a "solar motor."—China Mail Special.

Blotting Paper Being Used To Fight Cancer

Chicago. Ordinary blotting paper is one of the new weapons being used against cancer.

Dr. Paul V. Harper of the University of Chicago said the blotting paper, encased in plastic envelopes, has proved effective in fighting cancerous tumours located deep inside the body.

The new method was described in a report to the Congress of the American College of Surgeons.

Dr. Harper said the encased blotting paper is first inserted in an area where it is impossible to use surgery, to remove a tumour.

The paper is then saturated with a radioactive solution through a tube inserted into the patient's body. The blotter soaks up the solution, distributes it evenly over the cancer site, and directs intense radioactive bombardment on the malignant area, Dr. Harper said.

Brain Operation

The method has been used with apparent success on a 40-year-old man suffering from a brain tumour.

Surgeons removed the cancerous tumour from the man's brain about three ago, but they could not open the floor of the skull to get at the root of the cancer.

Therefore, Dr. Harper said, the brain floor was covered with one of the blotting paper envelopes, with a small tube leading outside the skull. Sur-

geons poured radioactive iodine through the tube.

The man is apparently well and has returned to work, Dr. Harper said. University officials now plan to use the technique on lung cancer patients, he told the surgeons.

Breast Cancer

In another cancer report, a London surgeon said "radical surgery" is still the best cure for breast cancer in its early stages.

Sir Stanford Cade of the London's Westminster Medical School added that cancer treatment for the future may be concentrated on body processes rather than the tumour itself in order to "treat the soil and not the seed."

Out of every five women cancer patients, one is likely to have breast cancer, Sir Stanford Cade said. There is evidence that breast cancer appears to stem from a "cycle" of hormone activity within the body's various glands, he reported. Reporting on another field, a group of New Brunswick, N.J., surgeons said they had had "some success" in removing

arteries from cows at slaughter, treating them, and then grafting them to dogs as replacements for segments of blood vessels.

The arteries are treated with a powerful digestive enzyme in an attempt to remove all foreign protein which may have caused the failure of previous grafting attempts, Dr. Norman Rosenberg said.

Plastic Arteries

The experiment was regarded as significant because there was a great need to find additional sources of arteries, which could be grafted on to humans, Dr. Rosenberg said. Plastic materials had been developed, but he pointed out that they presented problems of tailoring, weaving, and prevention of wrinkles and clots.—United Press.

LET BABIES CRY IN CHURCH
Clergyman Critical Of Black-Lookers

Southwell, England. Let babies cry in church, the Very Rev. Hugh Heywood said.

Shame on those worshippers who cast black looks at noisy infants, he said in the current issue of Southwell Deanery magazine.

Preachers do not mind the noise so long as families will come together to worship, he said.

One Sunday afternoon, he wrote, "a happy family came to evensong—a mother, father and ten-month-old child."

"The choir sang and sometimes the little boy sang. I read a lesson and sometimes the little boy added his comments."

"He was happy, his parents were happy."

"But then—so they told me afterwards—there were black looks from some of the congregation and they all went out."

'I Apologised'

"I found them afterwards and I apologised for the manners of the black-lookers."

"There were three people doing absolutely the right thing—coming to church as a family—and some of us hounded them out."

"It is high time we learned our priorities. Our listening to lessons and music may be a bit disturbed by a little child's occasional happy shouts, but that disturbance is of no consequence when set against the intangible importance of people coming to church as a family."

"There is not nearly enough of it and we condemn ourselves when we look blackly at those who do."

"I would like to see prayers and babies and parents at all services—and clergy, choir and congregation must learn to harmonise their parts with the happy music of the blessed babies."—United Press.

Husbands Are Bad Driving Instructors

New York. Facts every woman should know: a psychologist says husbands are terrible at teaching their wives how to drive a car. After studying tape recordings of actual driving lessons, Dr. Alfred Moseley, consulting psychologist for the American Mutual Liability Insurance Co., reported that husbands are usually poor driving instructors because:

- ★ They are full of advice, but do not specify directions in time for a wife to respond.
- ★ They assume wives know more about driving than they do.
- ★ They allow wives to drive too fast while learning.
- ★ They don't show their wives they just tell them how.
- ★ They do not know all the things that should be taught to make a safe and skilful driver.

—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



It's all laughs on deck as Dr. Sparrow goes to sea!

OH DOCTOR!

Starring —

BILL BOGARD
BRIGHTON SANDS • BRUNA DE SANNE
JANE TOWNSEND • JANE

NOW SHOWING at the
NEW YORK & GREAT WORLD

RINGS you will always treasure

ENGAGEMENT rings
WEDDING rings
ETERNITY rings
SIGNET rings

When you need most to be right it is helpful to have a guiding hand. That is where our experts come in—our reputation, as jewellers of repute, is always at your disposal in the important matter of choosing a ring.

Ground Floor —
Lane, Crawford's

just say
Pink Plymouth
please

Whenever, wherever, however, you drink gin, you strike a shrewd blow for old time standards when you call for

PLYMOUTH GIN

Sole Agents
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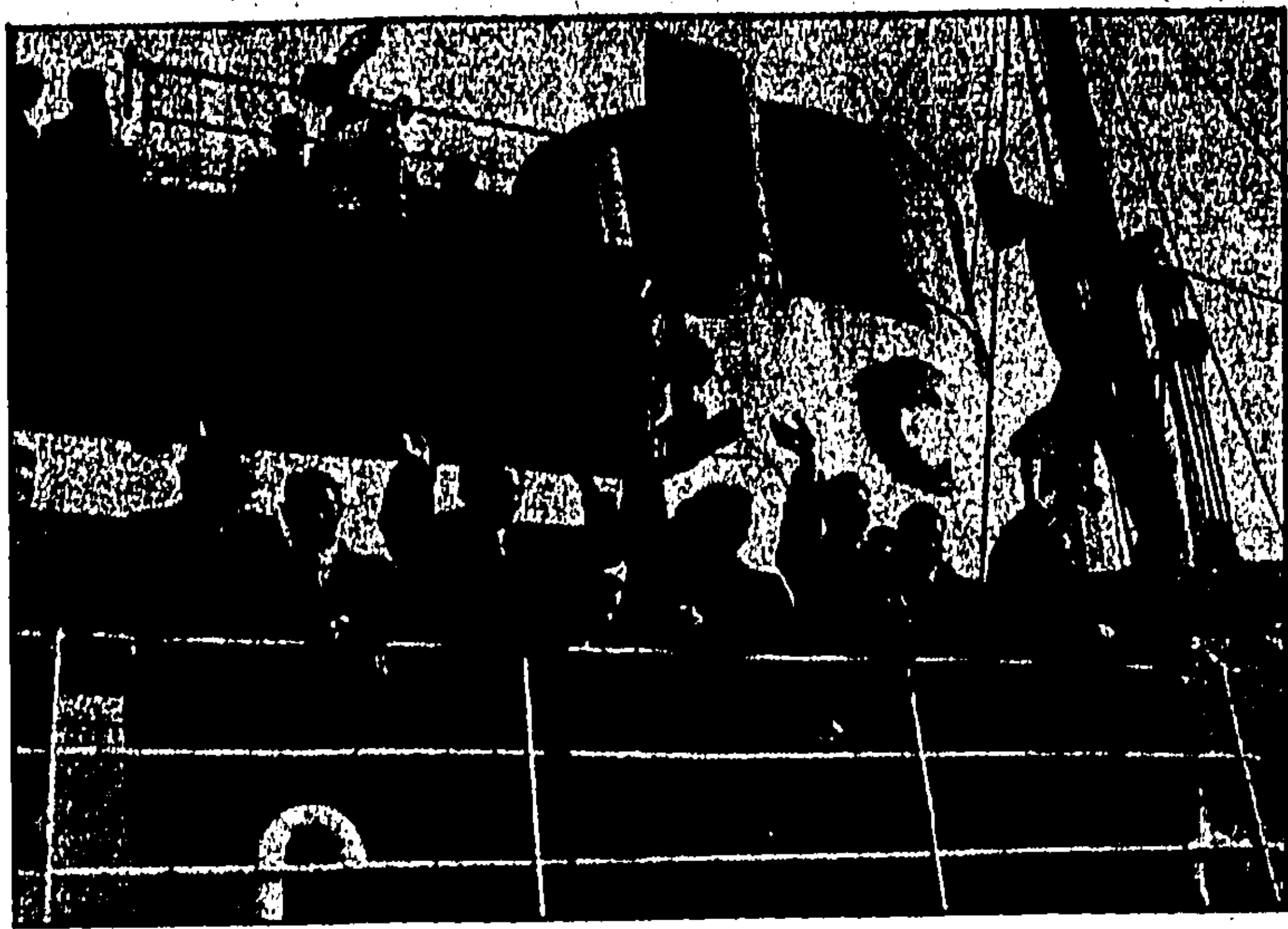
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PLYMOUTH GIN

Sole Agents
L. B. & S. L. B. & S. L. B. & S.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



A tiny ship with a big job has just left London. The white-painted, 849-ton Canadian sealer, Theron, is sailing 14,000 miles on a £500,000 expedition to the Antarctic, where 15 men will attempt to make a 2,000-mile overland crossing of the white continent. Fifth from right on the rails is Dr. Vivian Fuchs, 47-year-old Cambridge geologist who leads the expedition. (Express)

LEFT: The Lord Mayor's Show, traditional inauguration procession of London's new civic head, was held as usual this year in pouring rain. But thousands of Londoners gathered along the route to cheer the new Lord Mayor, Sir Cuthbert Ackroyd. Here he is in his carriage. (Express)



ACE British dress designer Norman Hartnell has written a book entitled "Silver and Gold," and to give it a happy send-off a cocktail party was given in London, at which both socialites and fashion models were prominent. In picture, Norman Hartnell shows one of the book's illustrations to models Lana, left, and Cassandra. (Express)



IN County Durham, The River Tees flows peacefully under the picturesque ruins of the 12th-century castle, at the foot of the ruined 14th-century castle. (Express)



ACTRESS Elizabeth Taylor and actor husband Michael Wilding have just flown into London from America. He is going on to Spanish Morocco to make a swashbuckling costume picture. She will go along for a while, but has to part from him to return home for Christmas with the children. He will do studio work in England. (Express)



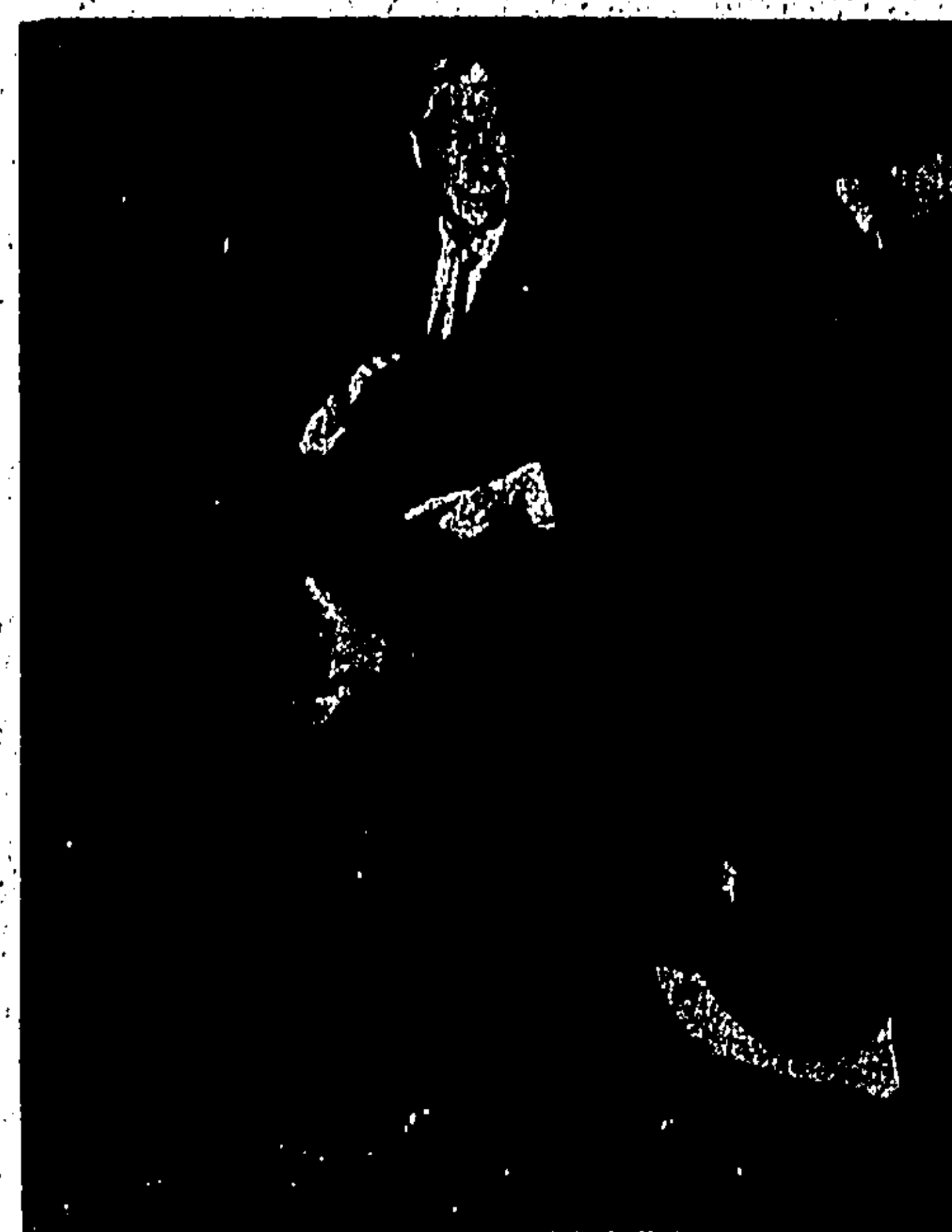
SCOTLAND YARD'S No. 1 detective, Richard Leofric (Joe) Jackson, is leading a big investigation following the discovery of some of the Yard's secret files in a flat in London. The probe is likely to lead to a big shake-up in the CID. (Express)



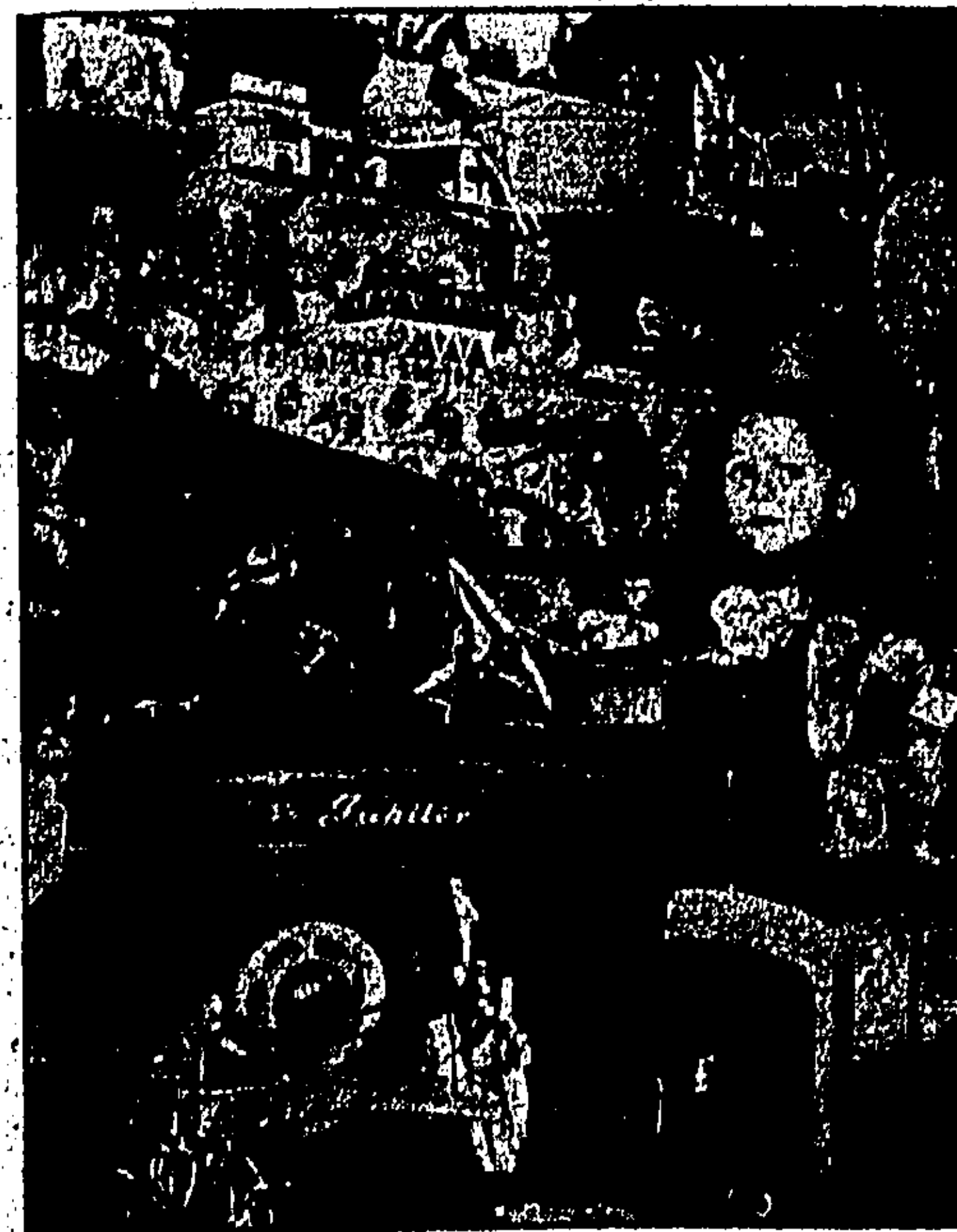
WHEN the Duke of Edinburgh recently visited the A. V. Roe aircraft factory at Woodford, Cheshire, he broke through a secrecy curtain in the form of a long white sheet draped across the entrance to the firm's guided weapons department. Until the Duke's visit, all information about the nature of the work behind the curtain was kept dark. The Duke, all wrapped up in cold-proof clothing, about to enter the high altitude chamber. (Express)



GAD, these intrepid racing drivers! Speed ace Ken Wharton daringly takes his hands off the steering wheel of his 1901 Albion to acknowledge cheers of the crowds at the end of the London-Brighton annual "Old Crocks" run. (Express)



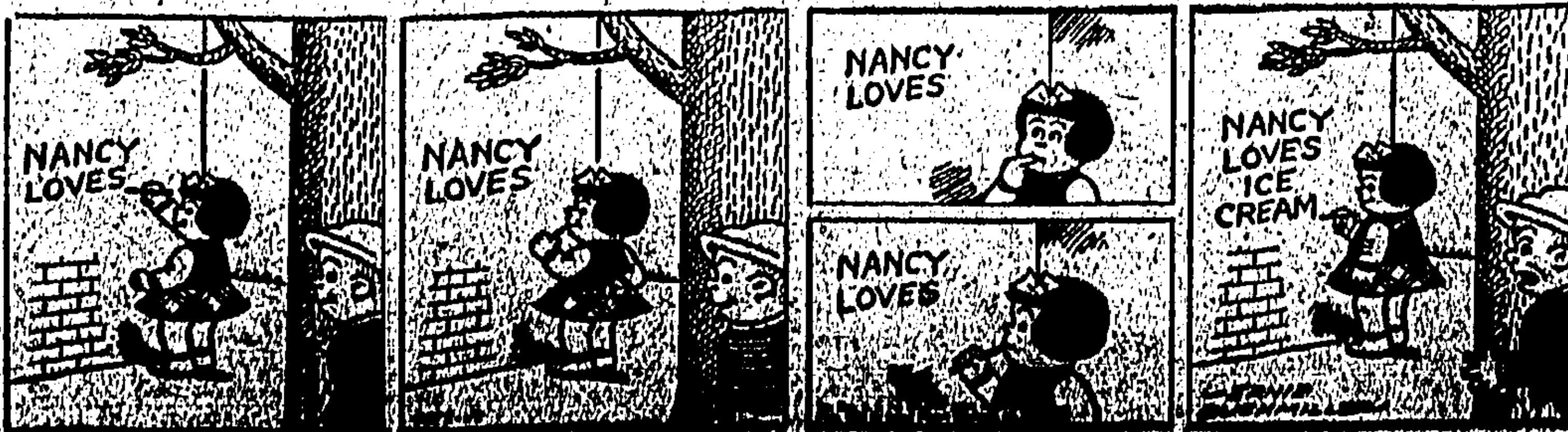
THE Duke of Windsor — the King who abdicated for love — is pictured leaving London for Paris. The Duke had been in England for five days. His visit was a quiet one, and he left the capital as unobtrusively as he had entered it. (Express)



LITTLE Barry Wetherall, of Clayton Buildings, Kennington, looks a trifle overawed as he sits at the wheel of a car in the kiddies' paradise of Naafi's giant Christmas toy fair in Kennington, London. Naafi has sent out 240,000 toys of all descriptions to its vast family of Service children scattered throughout the world. (Army News)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK
MAGIC
ASSORTED
CHOCOLATES



London Express Service

"Honey, dancing with these Ivans is O.K.—but calling me 'Comrade' is out."

THE FIELD-MARSHAL SAID: 'GO and SHOOT YOURSELF'

ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST
STORIES By L. P. DAVIS



"The scoundrel must die at once," said von Hootendorf.

THE four men carrying a plain deal coffin down the narrow backstairs of Vienna's fashionable Hotel Klemmer in the early morning hours of May 25, 1913, had no idea of the identity of its suicidal occupant. Nor, but for an accident, would the public have ever been informed that it was no less a person than Colonel Alfred Redl, Army Chief-of-Staff of the Imperial Austro-Hungarian army.

Whatever his faults, Colonel Redl was at least an obedient soldier—he had committed suicide by order of his Commander-in-Chief, Field-Marshal Conrad von Hootendorf. And von Hootendorf had every reason, from his point of view, to sentence Redl to death by his own hand, for he was trying to hush up a scandal that was bound to bring shame and dishonour on the whole Imperial Austro-Hungarian General Staff.

★ ★ ★

COLONEL REDL, the trusted Chief-of-Staff of the important army in Prague, a man who knew all the secrets of the Imperial Order of the Battle, the officer who had helped to work out the plan of attack in case of war with Russia, had been unmasked as a Russian spy.

Von Hootendorf had known for some time that the Russians had got hold of several of his best-guarded secrets. Whatever their sources they were no ordinary ones. None of their common spies could possibly have gained access to the material known to have been betrayed to the potential enemy in the East. In desperation and with little hope of success, von Hootendorf resorted to a weapon that had first been introduced by the infamous Chancellor Metetrach—secret postal censorship.

Early in the spring of 1913 it was reported to him that two suspicious letters had been opened at Vienna's General Post Office. Both were postmarked Eydtukhnen, a small East Prussian town on the German-Russian frontier, and were addressed "Poste Restante—Ball at the Opera 13." One contained 8,000 Austrian crowns. In cash, these were no covering letters. Two detectives of the Secret State Police were detailed to keep a watch of the G.P.O. and to arrest whoever claimed the letters.

Weeks and months passed while the detectives twiddled their thumbs. Finally on the evening of May 24 a bell rang in their room. It was a pre-arranged sign given by the official at the "Poste Restante" office, telling them that at last

the letters were being called for. They dashed out—just in time to see an individual leave the post office and enter a taxi. By the time they reached the street the taxi had vanished—but not before they could take its number.

The two detectives were in a quandary. By the time they found the taxi their quarry would have vanished. And it was extremely unlikely that he would drive to his real address. On the other hand failure to catch their man would probably mean dismissal from the service.

Just as they were debating their next step they had another incredible stroke of luck. The wanted taxi came cruising round the corner. It had dropped its passenger in the nearby Cafe Kaiserhof and had returned to pick up another fare.

★ ★ ★

THE two detectives jumped in and told the driver to drive back to the Kaiserhof as fast as he could. Inside the taxi, wedged between body and seat, they found a small grey leather pocket-knife case.

At the Kaiserhof their luck held. A waiter told them he had seen the man take another taxi after dismissing the first. What is more he had overheard the address given to the second driver: Hotel Klemmer, in the Herengasse.

Off the detectives rushed again—hot on the trail. At the hotel they interviewed the porter. "Yes, two gentlemen, travellers from Bulgaria, had just arrived by taxi. A gentleman on his own? Let me see his card. Only a quarter of an hour ago, Colonel Redl, Army Chief-of-Staff from Prague."

Colonel Redl? Ridiculous, thought the detectives. One of them pushed the pocket-knife case found in the taxi over to the porter. "Has one of your guests lost this?"

Just then a distinguished-looking man came slowly down the stairs. As he passed the reception desk the porter asked: "Excuse me, Colonel Redl, have you lost this?"

The man paused, then stretched out a hand for the little strip of leather. "Why yes," he said. "Wherever did I . . . ?" As he interrupted himself he went deadly pale. He remembered where he had last used his knife—in the taxi cutting the envelopes.

Putting up a brave face, Redl pocketed the case and left the hotel. One of the detectives followed him, the other rushed to a telephone.

Field-Marshal von Hootendorf was at a party when the news was broken to him. For several minutes he was unable to take it in. He remembered that before being appointed Chief-of-Staff, Redl had been head of the Austrian Army's intelligence and counter-espionage departments, and as such had conducted dozens of spy trials.

★ ★ ★

WITH a visible effort, von Hootendorf pulled himself together. "The scoundrel must die at once," he said. "Nothing of this must become public. The presence of the whole army in the hands of the Empire is at stake."



"I beg to be granted the loan of a revolver," said the Colonel.

He appointed a commission of four high-ranking officers to carry out his orders: to find out from Redl how much he had betrayed, what had induced him to betray his country, to ensure that Redl committed suicide and to report to him by 6 a.m. next day that these orders had been carried out.

The commission of four found Redl back in his hotel room, writing letters. As they entered the room Redl, pale and shaken, got up. "I know why you have called," he said. "I am just writing farewell letters."

DRUGS ON THE RAMPAGE IN JOHANNESBURG

By JOHN IVEY

EVERY day and night in Johannesburg, luxury capital of the world's gold-mining industry, thousands of wealthy men and women are regularly taking drugs. More bluntly—nearly a third of the city's wealthier inhabitants are drug addicts.

The above staggering fact has just been revealed by an inquiry following a statement by the Minister of Health on what he described as "the shocking irrefutable truth" about drug-taking in this country.

WORST ADDICTS

South Africans are the heaviest drug-takers in the Western world. It was revealed by the Minister, Mr. J. F. Naude—and the worst addicts are the wealthy residents of Johannesburg.

The drugs mostly taken are the barbiturates—hab-forming, hypnotic, and soporific drugs.

cised by the authorities, these dangerous medicines can be bought over a chemist's counter almost as easily as a tube of toothpaste.

In every civilised country in the world, except South Africa, the most stringent laws are enforced to control the sale and supply of barbiturates. The laws exist in South Africa too—but they are ignored.

Although the drugs are sold only on a medical prescription, the patient is often allowed to keep the prescription and present it indefinitely for future supplies.

And there lies what Mr. Naude describes as "the threatening danger to South Africa." For although these drugs have great value when taken on medical orders, they represent a grave menace to health when self-administered.

The drugs are most common in Johannesburg and

He denied having accomplices and accused the Russian Military Attaché in Vienna of having blackmailed him into betraying his country's secrets.

"Have you a revolver, Herr Redl?" a member of the commission asked. Redl replied: "I beg to be granted the loan of one." Whereupon one of the four officers hurried to his home nearby and fetched a Service pistol. It was laid on Redl's desk, his four inquisitors about-turned smartly and left him to his fate.

At 4 a.m. the next day, Redl was found dead on the couch of his room. A bullet had shattered his skull; a pistol lay on the floor. Von Hootendorf's order had been obeyed.

Redl left a string of pedigree horse, two motor-cars, a valuable library, an expensive collection of arms—and a load of debts. He had been living far above his means, spending a fortune on amorous adventures. It was one of these that had forced him to collect the tell-tale letters from Eydtukhnen—he had promised a friend a motor-car but lacked the ready cash to keep his promise.

Ined, this is the one mystery of the Redl case that has never been solved: how was it that Redl's conspicuously high standard of living had gone unnoticed?

In the brotherhood of the General Staff it was well known that he was one of the few to have come from a humble family—he was born in 1868 as

son of the prison governor of Lemberg. He had made his way purely by merit without inherited riches.

And how was the secret of Redl's death broken, despite von Hootendorf's elaborate precautions to keep it from the public?

Simply because the left full-back of a Prague Third Division soccer team failed to turn up for an important match on Sunday, May 25, 1913.

★ ★ ★

THE team lost and the club's secretary, a young reporter named Egon Erwin Kisch, was furious. But when Wagner, the missing star-back, turned up at his office the following morning to apologise Kisch completely forgot his anger. What Wagner had to tell him was nothing less than a world scoop, the thing young reporters dream of but rarely realise.

Wagner, a locksmith, had been called to the barracks early that morning by the military authorities and ordered to break open every lock in the quarters of a high-ranking officer. Papers and documents had been taken away, the officers conducting the search had been heard to say: "Terrible, terrible!"

The news of Colonel Redl's suicide had reached Prague that morning. Kisch put out two together and the cat was out of the bag. . . .

(CONTINUED)

Miniature Masterpieces for Milady...

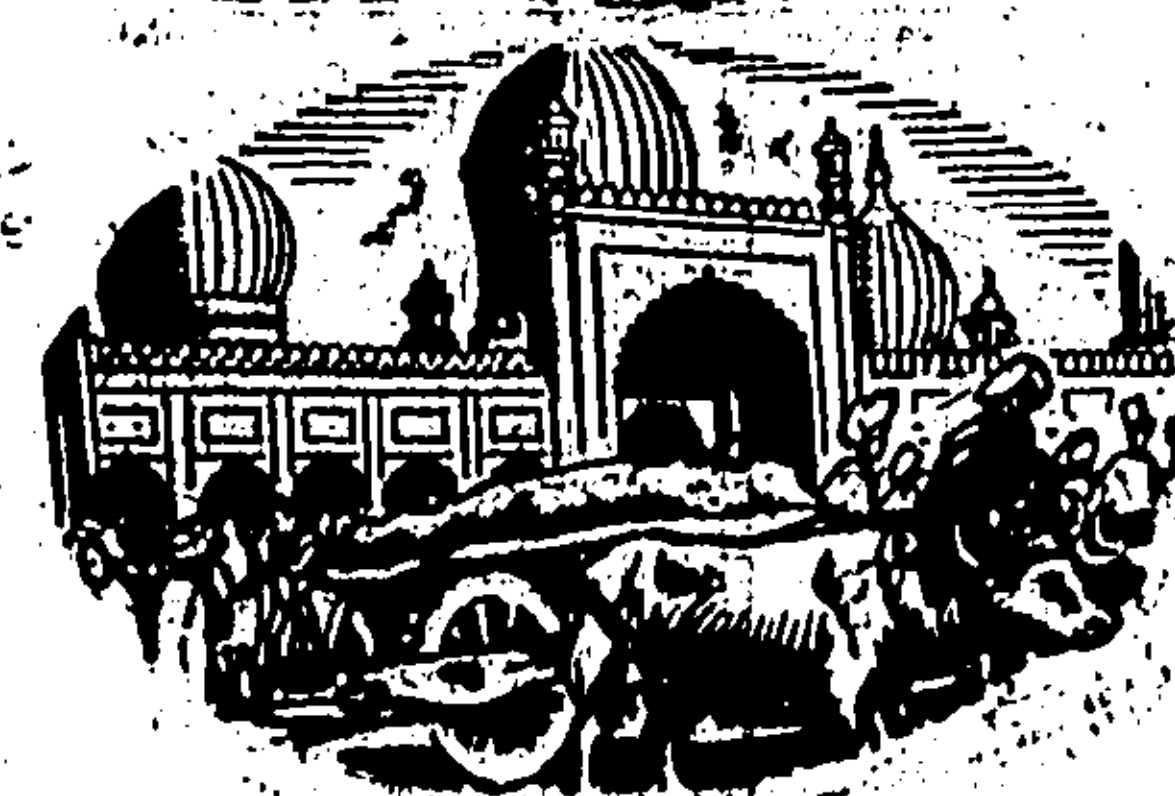
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WHAT A WAITS MAN ON THE PLANETS?

HOW far will man reach into space during our lifetime? Or in the lifetime of our children?

So far in this series we have swung our gaze from the beginning to the distant end of space travel.

What comes between? Will the space-station eventually become a stepping-off point for the Moon and the nearer planets?

And when men actually reach the Moon or Mars what will they find there? Anything more than a barren waste? Will they perhaps find an alien form of life?

Let us suppose that the year of the second moon has already arrived, that children in the streets are already pointing up at the bright disc of a man-carrying satellite moving sedately twice a day across our skies. What will have happened to make this possible?

CONTENTED?

THERE will have been a huge project to ferry components of a space-station beyond the atmosphere and to assemble them a thousand miles above the earth's surface.

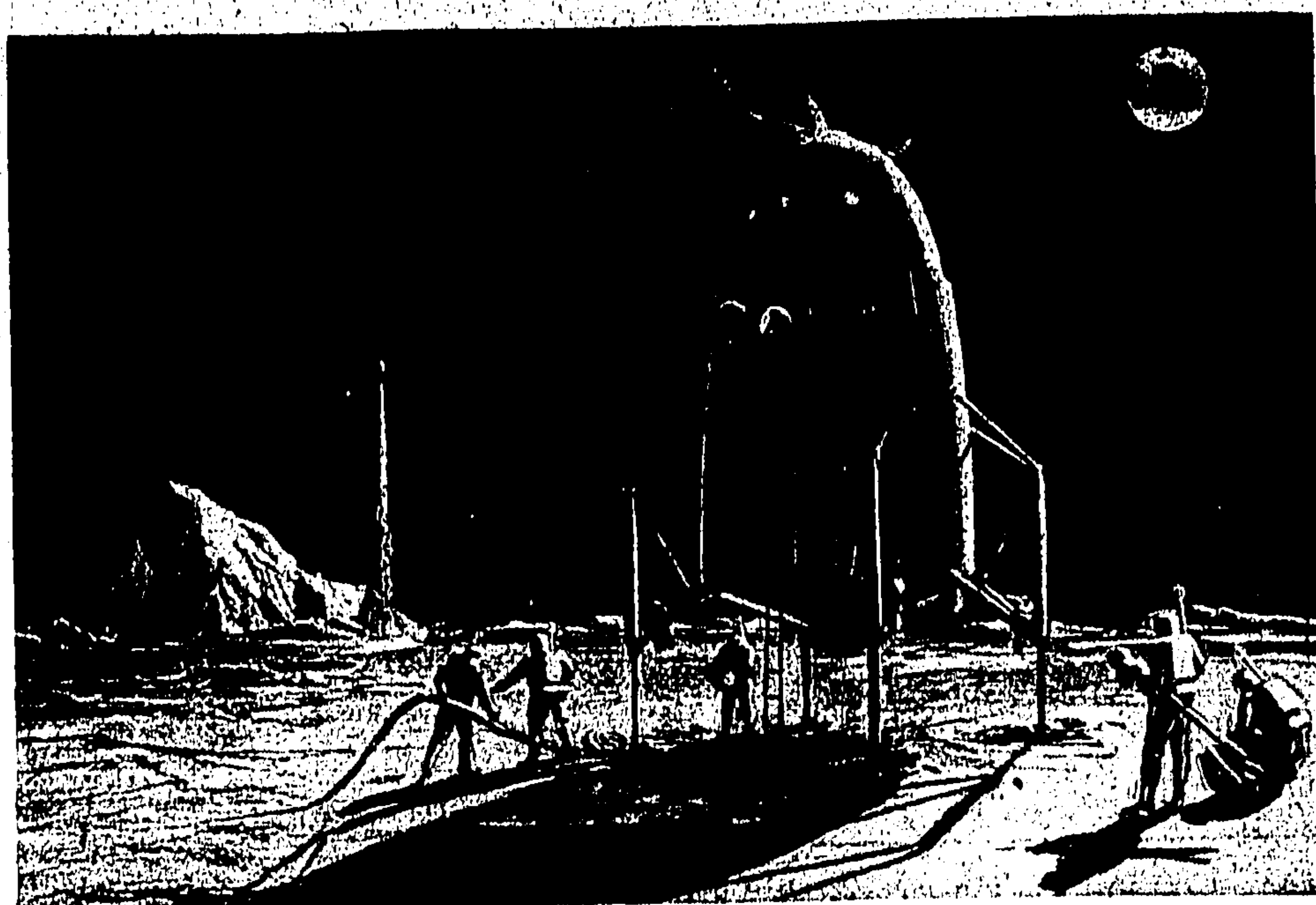
There will have been a grim decade of experiment with disasters far more frightful than the R101 crash or the Comet explosions blackening the headlines every few months.

One misjudged calculation in pressure-sealing or in defence against meteors may even have wrecked the first station and killed its entire crew.

In that event, for a few terrible months, we will have seen, no longer a space-station, but a fragile, tattered tomb gliding above us in its daily orbit.

Yet now—let us say—the confident predictions have at last come true. The crew of a successful satellite has at last been securely ensconced above the earth.

Will the pioneers be content? By no means. For them the satellite will be something more than the world's chief observatory or military post. For them it will chiefly be a pier, a Mul-



The glow of earth casts shadows over a plain on the Moon. A rocket's sister ship blasts off its motors to ease down to land. And over the lunar landscape broods the giant peak of Mount Piton, jutting up 18,000 feet. Drawing by R. A. Smith.

Until recently, as a reaction from the moon-men and moon-cats thought up by H. G. Wells, there was a fashion for shaking our heads sadly at the Moon as a dead, dead world—a world without water and without life. Now there is talk of more of frozen water in its dark caves. One or two astronomers, cocking their lenses at familiar craters have also noticed that certain Moon mountains sometimes vanish altogether. This they ascribe to a screen of vapour, perhaps breathed out by active volcanoes.

There will be other puzzles for the space-men to answer. They will be able to explain the peculiar white lines which radiate like spokes from some of the Moon's craters.

These lines fan out for miles running unerringly across mountains and ravines as if a giant had stroked them on a the surface with a brush of celestial white-wash.

FLASHES

THE space-men may also tell us something about the mysterious lights which a few astronomers have seen flashing for a brief moment from the Moon's high peaks.

But their keenest gaze will be kept for something affecting their own hopes. They will be searching for a future landing ground on the Moon. They may be disappointed. The whole surface may be notched with ravines, or—as some believe—

it may be spread unevenly with drifts of volcanic ash. What if the Moon's surface thwarts the space-travellers where they switch their attention next?

The planets are infinitely closer than the stars and they shed no heat or light of their own. For enterprising space-men they seem the obvious next step beyond the Moon.

But a closer look at some of them is markedly discouraging. Take Mercury, which is little bigger than the Moon. At a distance of 36,000,000 miles it is only a third of the earth's distance from the sun. Its sunlit face is more than warm. Lead would boil there.

Space artists, undeterred, have depicted men in neat asbestos suits picking their way delicately across the parched crust. But the astronauts are not enthusiastic.

Earth-sized Venus, which circles roughly half-way between Mercury and ourselves, is by contrast the Eldorado of space romantics. With good reason.

BAFFLED

VENUS is wrapped in thick, eternal cloud. If nothing can be said about its surface, nothing equally can be denied.

So the fictioneers have written up the society life of noble, green Venusians or they have gone slumming with duck-toed Venusians who paddle gloomily through swamps.

The baffled scientists cannot say no. They cannot even say what the society life of Venus is made of. Huge dust storms, oil vapour, carbon dioxide—all have been proposed. Life? Reputable scientists have claimed that simple-celled bacteria may batten on the clouds, and others have talked of creatures which may scuttle over the dark surface, feeding on them as they fall.

But Mars—60,000,000 miles further from the sun than earth—is the only planet where science and fiction begin to meet. In the 1870's an Italian astronomer announced a simple network of thin dark lines stretched between the white polar caps of Mars. He called them canals, meaning "channels." But the non-Italian world instantly saw visions of irrigation canals of pretty Grand Union views, complete with lock gates and Martian horses fit for Constable to paint.

Will men be able to land on Mars? Not until they overcome the technical difficulties of plunging through the friction of its atmosphere. But even without landing even perhaps from the space-station's own observatory, they may learn its secret.

BLACK SKY

TODAY, in the high noon of science fiction, the cartoon strip artists can turn out postcard views of the Moon's weird landscape more easily than a memory sketch of their own back gardens.

They can give you a nightmare picture of the Moon's great wall—in whimsical moments astronomers call it "the railway"—a vast, vertical cliff three times higher than Benches Head which looms out of the plain in a sharp, straight line for over 60 miles.

They can paint you the Moon's sky, which is black even in glaring sunlight—and they can show how the great shining ball of earth hovers among the stars with a bluish radiance scores of times brighter than the Moon itself in our night sky.

But there remain far-reaching mysteries about the Moon which our explorers will solve even if they only reconnoitre its surface from 50 miles above.

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NEXT SATURDAY:

The space doctors' problems

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THERE'S A RAILWAY ON THE MOON

Continuing JOURNEY TO THE STARS
by ROBERT PITMAN

berry Harbour of the new age stretching out into the high seas of space.

From this pier the ocean-going liners of space will one day be launched.

At first these craft will be unmanned. They will be sent swinging out from the space-station on long elliptical orbits. Under radio control they will hover some 50 miles above the Moon's surface, and their cameras and instruments will be ceaselessly at work. Then the earth's gravity will gradually pull them back and they will be manoeuvred into the orbit of the space-station once again.

ROUND TRIP

THE round trip will take perhaps three days—covering half a million miles altogether. Yet it will not need an impossible load of rocket fuel. Anything assembled in the space-

station orbit will already be travelling at about 16,000 miles an hour. A two-minute blast from powerful rockets will send the craft gliding through unresisting space.

In the Elizabethan Age the deep beds of the northern seas were scattered with hulks. So it will be again in the coming age even when human crews take over from the robot pilots.

Meteors in open space probably keep to well-defined paths instead of beating like surf as they do on the fringe of earth's atmosphere. But if the engineers make a slip at their drawing-boards a chance meteor no bigger than a pin may act like an iceberg against a space ship travelling at seven miles a second.

Such wrecked hulks will drift on endlessly into the black void carrying their once human cargo with them through space and time.

Yet there is a growing number of scientists who believe that one day you—or your children—will buy an evening paper and see smirking out at you from the front page the happy faces of the first men to take a scouting trip round the Moon. These explorers will be different from the Elizabethan discoverers in one special sense.

Before they set out they will already know a lot about the old gaunt sphere

'WEDDING CAKES' RUINED THEM

By Vladimir Gureyev

FONDNESS for ornate "wedding cakes" building topped Russia's top architect, Alexander Vlasov, on domes and classical columns.

It has also topped 26 other Soviet builders. They are being blamed for a major housing crisis in the Soviet Union.

The purge is being led by Premier Bulganin and Communist Party Secretary Krushchev.

This, in a harshly worded directive splashed across their front pages, is what Lavrenty and Pravda tell the men building the new Russia.

"Millions of roubles that should have gone to provide flats for workers—and a worker's

flat is only eight square metres (86 square feet)—have been frittered away in fancy facades, useless towers, spires, cupolas, onion domes and classical columns."

These, say the papers, have given Russian architecture an archaic look.

"This mania for civic grandeur has raised the cost of living space two or three times."

They quote the cases of...

● A coal mine administration building in Tbilis, Georgia. It was surrounded by an ornamental tower costing 3,000,000 roubles (£288,500 at the present rate of exchange).

And the building was faced with marble. Cost of that: 8,000,000 roubles (£710,200).

● Railway stations built like palaces, with disregard for amenities and the comfort of the traveller.

● The Hotel Leningradskaya—where 394 rooms were built for the cost of 1,000.

Funds were swallowed up by vast corridors, luxury lounges, gilt ceilings and acres of rubber plants.

Builders are now ordered to go in for more standardised building and planned large-scale uniform projects.

Above all, they were warned to lay off the frills and concentrate on the function.

The directive advises them to emulate the "progressive developments in building in the West."

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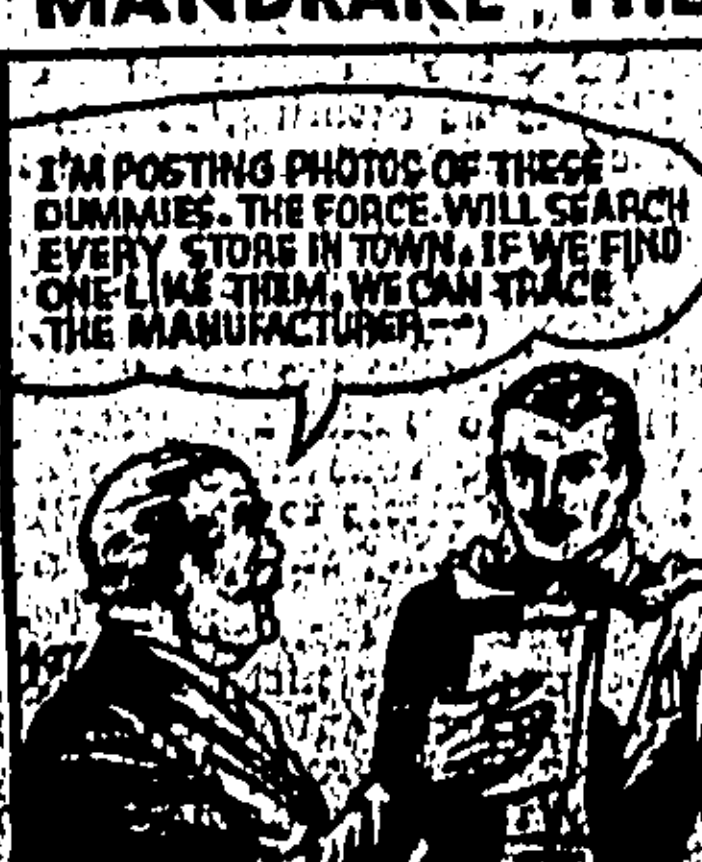
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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Leo Falk and Phil Davis



CONCLUDING: "HALF-FORGOTTEN HEROES"

"Meet Me In Algeria"—So The Generals Went In Kayaks

HIS Majesty's submarine Seraph had not seen so much "top brass" before; American "top brass" too, and it was in a hurry. It had a rendezvous with history on an isolated Algerian beach and, maybe, with the Gestapo.

Clambering on board came Major-General Mark Clark, Brigadier-General Lemminger, a couple of American colonels, Captain Wright of the United States Navy and three British Army officers of the Special Boat Section, Special Service Brigade.

The generals had had a fast trip out to Gibraltar on the eve of Operation "Torch," the great Allied invasion of North Africa, and they were on a mission which made Bulldog Drummond's adventures look like old wives' tales.

Two days earlier, October 17, 1942, General Clark had been working in London with General Eisenhower on the last details of "Torch." Then a cable from Washington arrived at their headquarters at 20, Grosvenor Square.

It said that General Mast, the French Commander of the Vichy forces in Algeria, where the Allies were due to land in a few days time, wanted to meet an American delegation. A date and place on the Algerian coast was given. It seemed possible that General Giraud, then in a prisoner in France, would be there.

THE SECRETS

THE date was the problem. The night of October 20, 21, 22, three days and 2,000 miles away.

General Eisenhower went into action after seeing the Prime Minister. He decided to send General Clark. It was a fantastic risk. If Clark was captured he would face torture and could be held out until November 7. Yet it must have been the secrets of Algeria's defense that made Allied lives might be saved.

Next day two Flying Fortresses flew General Clark and his party to Gibraltar, there the submarine Seraph, commanded by Lt. N. L. A. Jewell, waited with four small kayaks allowed aboard.

The plan was that Seraph would take them to a point 15 miles west of the tiny port of Cherchel. There a light would, at a certain time, shine seawards from a house. The General and his staff would then paddle ashore in the kayaks to the rendezvous.

By DUDLEY POPE

So Jewell noted in Seraph's log on October 19: "2220 (10 p.m.) slipped and proceeded in accordance with verbal instructions from Captain (S) 8th Submarine Flotilla." Below, in the cramped control room, General Clark and Jewell looked over the charts. It became quite obvious that Seraph could not make the rendezvous in time if they stayed submerged. No alternative time had been specified should they be late, so Seraph surfaced to go faster. The risk of aircraft attack was one they had to take, even on the surface. It was clearly impossible to get to the rendezvous in time.

TOO LATE

MIDNIGHT, October 20, 21, came and then at 3.55 a.m. Jewell noted: "Cherchel Light to starboard, 115 degrees, 15 miles." At 4.10 a.m. they spotted the light on the shore which marked the rendezvous, but they were too late. Dawn was almost on them and Seraph had to dive and head offshore.

A long and anxious wait started. They had their mission been in vain? Knowing he might be late, General Clark had signalled Washington asking that if he did not make it, the rendezvous be put back 24 hours. It all ended with the French. During the morning, while Seraph dived, a couple of trawlers fishing near by, a light signal flashed to Clark, according to this request.

By 9.30 p.m. Seraph was back at the beach. The light came on at 10.15 and the tiny kayakers were right up from below and launched. The General had ordered all boats to go in to the beach together but a couple of hundred yards off, one would paddle in alone and meet the party. If all was well, it would flash back the Morse letter "K." If not then it would flash "F."

CAPSIZED

THE Flotilla in which General Clark was to go with Captain Courtney, the British officer in charge of the Special Boat Section, was washed under Seraph's stern-plane and capsized, so the General had to go in another one.

It was a quiet night with a gentle north-east wind as the boats paddled the 3,000 yards to the shore. The first boat flashed "K" and soon all the officers were ashore being greeted by Mr. Robert Murphy, an American diplomat in Algiers, and the Frenchmen.

They hurried to the villa to wait for General Mast, who was due at 5 a.m. The owner of the villa, M. Tessier, had sent his

Arab servants away for the night. Unknown to him they were suspicious and told the police. Mast arrived and the talks started. He handed over vital information, about the defence of Algeria, where troops could land, and where ammunition and stores were kept. Information of great value to the Allies.

They talked through the morning and afternoon, and all the time they could hear the wind rising outside and the thunder of the surf along the flat beach getting louder—surf through which they had to fight their kayakers in a few hours, all being well.

ONLY CHANCE

BUT it was too late. Clark, crumpled with French police pulled up outside the villa, waiting in their grasp and therefore within the grasp of the Germans. He was enough to get the North Africa landings, apart from the fact that Clark and his men could expect.

The only chance of escape was by hiding in the villa. Tessier thrust them and their briefcases into a tiny, pitch-dark cellar at the foot of the stairs. There, sub-machine guns ready to shoot their way out if necessary, Clark and the other British and Americans waited. They heard the French police walk in. They stayed nearly two hours.

Finally they went and Murphy opened the cellar door and told Clark that the police had gone, but they were suspicious and would be back soon. Clark ordered his party to quit the house and, with the Flotilla, hide in the scrub beside the beach. The time was now 8 p.m. and as soon as it was dark a radio message was sent to the Flotilla telling her to come in as close as possible.

It now seemed impossible to get a Flotilla through the great breakers, but General Clark decided it would be unhealthy to wait. He took off his trousers and rolled them up with a heavy money belt packed with gold coins. He stowed this in the boat and started off with Captain Livingstone of the S.B.S.

But a big wave swamped the boat and the undertow sucked away the General's trousers—and money belt. He ordered the attempt to be stopped and sent a message to Seraph to haul off and wait.

The General and his party hid in the scrub until after 3 a.m., when the surf seemed to have eased down a bit. Seraph was ordered to close on the beach again and the Flotilla were taken to the water's edge.

While Murphy, Tessier and another officer held it in the surf, General Clark and Captain Wright, U.S.N., climbed in and paddled through the first line of breakers. The second boat nearly capsized but managed to get through, followed by the others. All reached the waiting submarine.

Seraph headed back to Gibraltar, surfacing next day to transfer General Clark and his party to a Catalina flying boat, which

landed nearby. General Clark was back in England the next day reporting to the Prime Minister and making last-minute changes in plans for Operation "Torch." Seraph berthed at Gibraltar on October 25.

But Jewell called again on October 27, and while vast fleets of Allied ships converged on North Africa from Britain, Canada, and America for the invasion, he took Seraph to a rendezvous a few cables off the French coast.

When it was dark a tiny rowing boat with oars muffled came alongside. Five people climbed aboard Seraph and the rowing boat was sunk. Those five people were General Giraud, who had escaped from the Germans, his son and three companions.

The time was just after midnight on November 5, 1942. Two days later 500 Allied ships, escorted by 350 vessels of the Royal Navy, landed in North Africa. The tide of war had turned.

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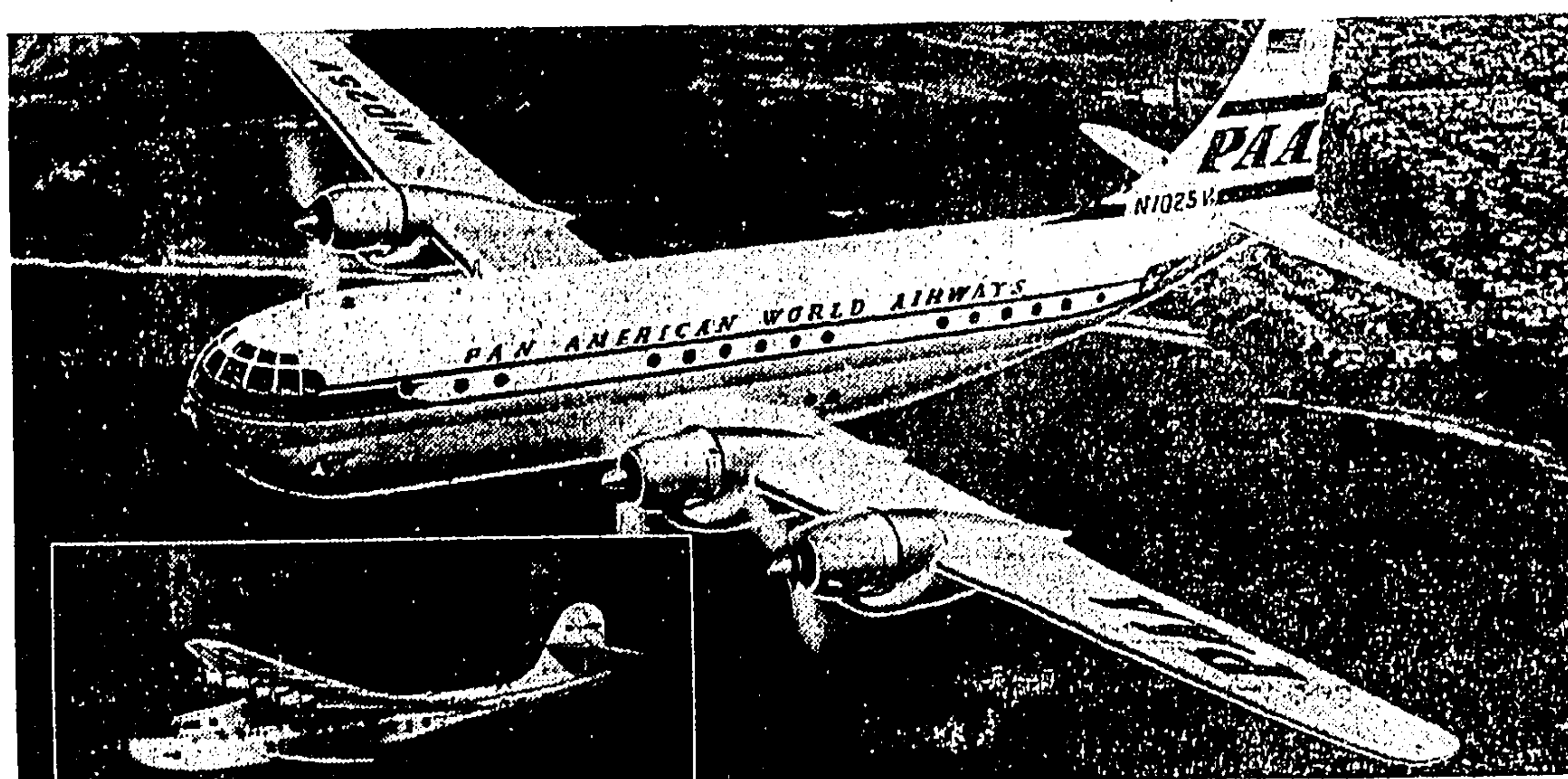
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20 YEARS AGO: Pan American's China Clipper took off on its history-making transpacific flight—flying over the partially completed Golden Gate Bridge to inaugurate weekly, and the first regularly scheduled, air-mail service over the Pacific.

TODAY: Double-deck Super "Strato" Clippers are flying the Pacific with clock-like regularity. These mighty Clippers—world's largest and most powerful airliners—have no equal in comfort, quietness, and over-ocean dependability.

Pan American celebrates 20 years of progress in the Pacific

On November 22, 1935, the China Clipper took off from San Francisco Bay on the first transpacific flight to Hawaii, Midway, Wake, Guam and Manila, establishing weekly air-mail service. From this pioneering start Pan American has gone on constantly, year after year, developing and providing the world's finest air travel



1936 Pan American inaugurates regular weekly passenger service from San Francisco to Honolulu, Guam and Manila. Service was extended to Hong Kong the following year. One-way fare San Francisco to Honolulu was \$380—flying time, 21 hours.

1939 Pan American introduces the first of its new fleet of Clipper Flying Boats on its transpacific routes and, a year later, on South Pacific routes. These famous Clippers made Pan American's over-ocean flying comfort known throughout the world.

1945 Following Pan Am's contribution to the war effort, DC-4 Clippers go into Mainland-Hawaii passenger service. In 1947 service to South Pacific and Orient renewed. Constellation aircraft introduced and first Round-the-World air service provided.



1949 Double-deck "Strato" Clippers introduced on Pan Am's Pacific routes—the first anywhere in the world. Today this airplane—now improved and more powerful and comfortable than ever before—provides the very ultimate in flying luxury.

EARLY NEXT YEAR, Pan American will add Super-7 Clippers to its Pacific fleet. These new, high-speed Clippers typify the continued fine service Pan American's world-wide system will offer the Pacific—and the world.

STILL AHEAD: This year Pan American placed the first order for new transoceanic jet airliners. When ready, these aircraft will provide unbelievable comfort and speed—cut present transpacific flight times almost in half!

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FRONT LINE CITY—WHERE CHILDREN LEARN TO HATE

MY footsteps are dogged by 2,000 Dead End Kids as I walk through the United Nations refugee camp on the Mediterranean seashore at Gaza.

Like an aimless, unhappy Peeper I peer into grey-stone hovels and blackened, corrugated-iron shacks.

To a 15-year-old crop-headed Arab boy I say: "What do you do all day?"

"I hate Jews," he tells me. The host about us grows agreement.

This is a city of hopelessness and hatred so violent that it strikes you like the blast from an oven door.

More than 300,000 Arabs live in the five-by-twenty-five-mile Gaza strip. Of these, 213,000 are refugees from an Arab Palestine that is now Israel.

They have no flocks, no land, no work, and no place of their own.

★ When the Arab-Jew war ended in 1949 frontiers had changed. What had been Arab was Jewish.

The fugitives waited for the United Nations to help them. Now they have no hope. And of the 213,000 refugees more than half are aged under 10.

Ahead of these young people stretches a lifetime of empty days with nothing but the incentive to keep the hatred of Israel blazing.

To get to Gaza I flow to a heavily guarded seaside airstrip where Egyptian Air Force jets land. In their dispersal days a few minutes' jet time from the frontier.

DONALD WISE reports from an Arab refugee camp where "hatred is so violent it strikes you like the blast from an oven door," and tells the story of a new race of Dead End Kids who are growing up in frontier land.

Then I drove northwards toward the front line. At the side of the narrow tarmac road a long-barrelled anti-tank gun poked their snouts through camouflage netting. Barbed wire surrounded a mass of A.A. artillery rushed up by the Egyptians during the last 10 tense days.

We were halted at countless roadblocks, where the conducting officer leaped out of his truck to whisper the day's password to suspicious sentries.

★ Gaza is like a South Coast town in the invasion-scare days of 1940 and 1941. Israeli planes sneak over for a look and the guns open up.

In Gaza city the shops are always ready to help the soldiers spend their money. Yes, year on the refugees. That works out at about 14s. 6d. a month for each of them. Not enough for food, much less for pocket money.

So what do they do? Well, they begin each day by reminding themselves that Israel has taken what they believe to be theirs. They tell themselves the same thing before they fall asleep and at frequent intervals during the day.

A few—3,000 perhaps—scratch up £12 a month working for the U.N. staff.

There are no movement restrictions. In Jan. packed Gaza and its surroundings live 80,000 more Arabs trying to exist where, before the Arab-Jew war started, there were 60,000.

There are seven refugee camps and the total of their inmates is swelling by 6,000 a year.

Mr. Douglas Mills, a grey-haired former Ministry of Labour man from Westminster Street, Coventry, runs a vocational training centre. He is turning out some 300 welders, electricians, metal and woodworkers, plumbers, moulders, and draughtsmen.

"U.N. headquarters in Beirut must find them somewhere to work—if they can," he said wearily.

There is a midnight curfew in Gaza. When things get bad the U.N. men go under a sort of police house arrest.

Just now the U.N. wives have been sent away because of the explosive situation—after the battle at El Auja sometime ago.

★ I crunched up a driveway of seashells and, in a small neat house at the end of it, found an exhausted Australian, Stevens, of Brisbane, holds the U.N. purse-strings and runs the refugees organisation. He has been in Gaza since 1945. He knows this place and its hatred.

He lay back in a deep chair and said: "I suppose about 40,000 children attend some sort of schooling, but they learn only to hate."

"Imagine more than 10,000 Dead End Kids, with more coming along at the rate of 6,000 a year. All they want to do is to grow up and kill Jews."

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The secret of Mr Marshall's suits....

Hollywood's perfect Englishman

finds a Savile Row cut in darkest

Los Angeles...but his wife chooses

his ties

By ANNE SHARPLEY

MR HERBERT MARSHALL is a tall, well-kept figure with a voice in which one can hear the mowers cutting the cricket pitches of England. Unruffled in moments of crisis. Always a gentleman. His interests—cricket and soccer.

An ideal husband, one might say—for an Englishwoman.

But how does he make out as the husband—of an American?

I went to see Mr Marshall first before I went to see Mrs Marshall, just to check that he was still English.

"Bart" as he is called is actually more English now than almost anyone I know.

Life in what he calls "the Holly Woods" has kept his accent and manner in aspic.

He wears a noiseless tie and a grey English-style suit.

He suffers from nostalgia for England. "I can be homesick to something awful like the Holborn Viaduct even."

He talks in long sentences in the Dorothy Sayers manner with a look which used to be known, I believe, as "quizzical."

And as he deftly guides his wooden leg over the twisting cables of the studio floor giving out with restrained joy such statements as "how lovely to hear the home accents again," one has the feeling he is asking himself: "Why, why, why, did I leave it so long?"

Why indeed? Two visits in twenty years is hardly curative for a man who feels perpetual nostalgia. Of Hampton Court, which he passes every morning on the way to the studios to make "The Weapon," his first British film for a quarter of a century, he says: "I can't quite believe I don't have to feel nostalgic about it any more."

I have a feeling that it is nice to feel nostalgic for England—in California. For even his wife joins in.

★ ★ ★

"She has only been here once and she gets nostalgic, too."

In 1950, when he went to England for his first visit since 1930, Mrs Marshall announced: "We are coming to live here eventually."

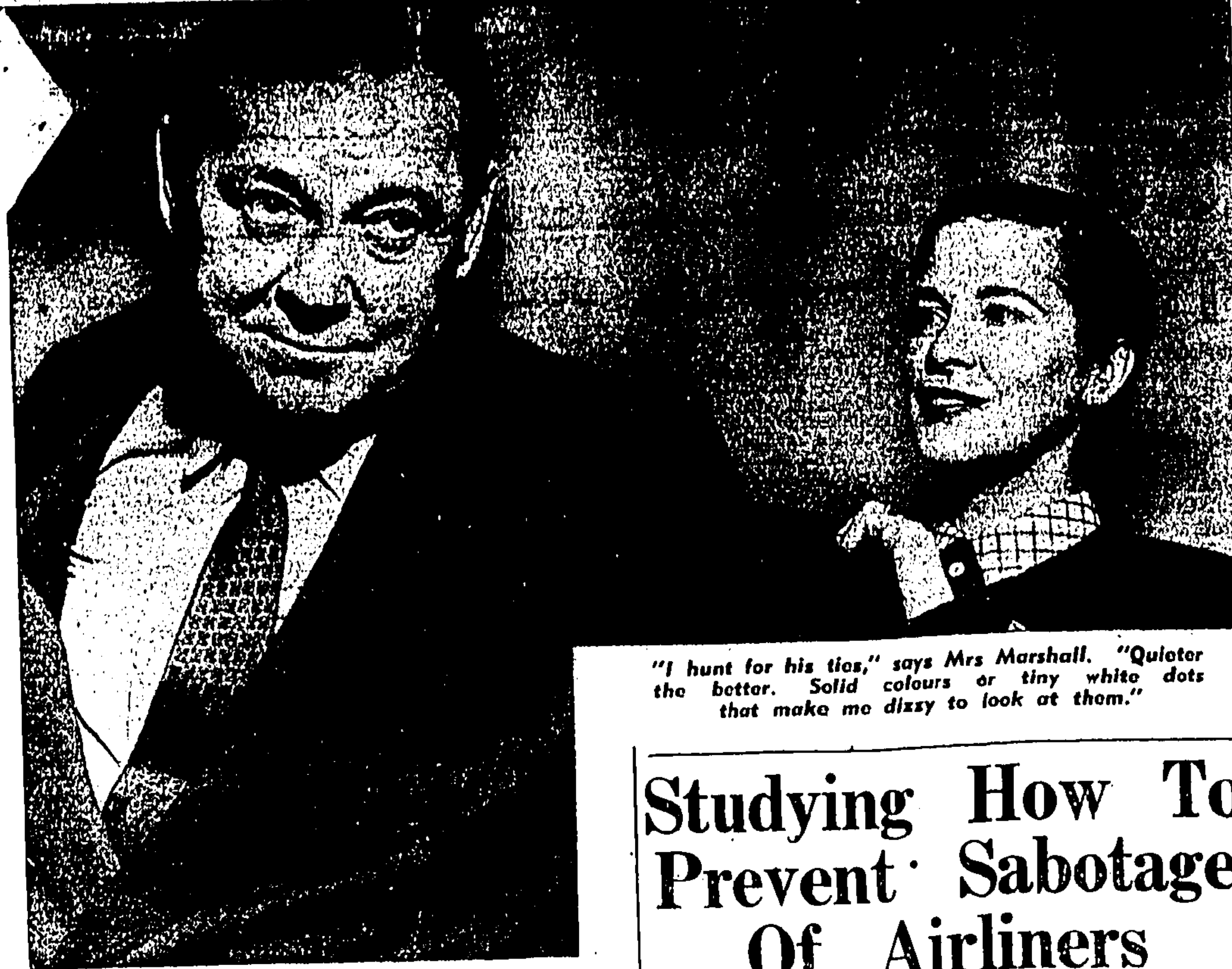
What is it keeps them away? Is it money?

"Let's leave that question in the air," said Mr Marshall.

"I am dependent on keeping going. If someone gave me a really attractive offer I can think of nothing lovelier than to stay in England."

"At least I hope to spend Christmas here this time."

We had left the studio and were picking our way across



"I hunt for his ties," says Mrs Marshall. "Quicker the better. Solid colours or tiny white dots that make me dizzy to look at them."

the November puddles. "I miss a glance towards the wintry river. Why, she was even a follower of Manchester United and read English papers avidly."

"Bart converted me to soccer. But cricket? I've tried reading books; still I don't see it. Bart and Nigel Bruce spent hours talking cricket. Nigel didn't realise for years and years that his 1914-18 war."

The present Mrs Marshall (his fourth) has been his wife for eight years. She is known as "Babs" and is in her mid-thirties with a lively face and a soft, rapid voice.

★ ★ ★

"She is from Louisiana and some of her vowel sounds are awfully British," said her husband.

Vowel sounds or not I think London was depressing her a little as she sat in the Savoy waiting for her husband to return from filming.

The thought of spending Christmas here was plainly terrifying.

"Oh, no, I must get back to my children and be with them at Christmas."

(Mr Marshall has twice married women already: the mother of twins, Edna Best, his second wife, had twin sons. His present wife had twins also.)

Sae described how she had burst into tears when she left their home in Beverly Hills.

And yet she loves England—"My grandmother came from Boston. Yet I love to go home to California."

Furthermore, the climate suits her. An allergy brought on by the wind and dust of California disappears completely "in this moist climate," with

"As my 13½-year-old son said: 'Bart dresses very well, but so quiet.'"

I thought of the directions he gave at the studio when a change of tie was being discussed for the next shot.

"Something quiet. No electrical storms."

The instructions were really unnecessary. They understood his taste in ties well enough.

"You know I am very fond of America and have every reason to be. But the old times are there, stirring all the time," he said in his beautifully preserved English.

There will be many heart-tugs in the next eight weeks I expect for Mr Herbert Marshall.

It remains to be seen which reel will win in the end.

★ ★ ★

Studying How To Prevent Sabotage Of Airliners

From HENRY LOWRIE

ARE CO-OPERATING with the Federal Bureau of Investigation to find a practical method of preventing sabotage of airliners.

They are spurred in their attempt to protect travellers by the recent Colorado wreck—the first plane sabotage in American history—and by bomb-produced crashes abroad.

Heading the new safety drive is J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the FBI.

He has already discussed plans with America's flying boss, F.B. Lee, whose title is Civil Aeronautics Administrator.

Among the possibilities already being probed is a rule for the compulsory inspection of all luggage.

Tightening Up

There is a suggestion, too, that insurance companies may tighten up their insurance policies, which just now can be obtained by merely putting money in a slot machine at airports.

Insurance for \$62,000 can be taken out this way without questions asked, and it

Seven Attempts

So far as is known there have been seven sabotage attempts. The most famous before the Colorado case was the wrecking of a Canadian plane in 1948.

Twenty-three people lost their lives, and two men and a woman were hanged for that.

That year, too, a Philippines airliner was blown up in the Pacific. Thirteen were killed. Three Filipinos were sentenced to death. Their appeals are pending.

In April 1950, a British plane flying on the London-Paris route with 32 passengers had holes ripped in her sides. The plane managed to return to London. No one was arrested, although it was described as a bomb blast.

Four days later in Los Angeles, a man tried to place an incendiary bomb in a plane in which his wife and two children were about to take off. He had insured them for \$25,000. That plot failed, but the man was jailed for 21 years.

A Confession

In September 1952 a bomb exploded in the luggage compartment of a plane over Mexico. The pilot made an emergency landing. Two men who had insured seven of the 20 passengers for a total of \$208,000 were sentenced to 30 years for planting the bomb.

In May 1953 a bomb exploded in a package just removed from another Mexican plane. Three airport workers were killed. A man who confessed that he had wanted to kill himself to provide insurance for relatives was sentenced to 30 years.

Last April an Air India Constellation flying from Hongkong to Indonesia was crippled by blast and 10 passengers killed. That too was blamed on sabotage.

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A Little Town In The Spotlight

From NEWELL ROGERS

A LITTLE town, set in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania countryside, has just become one of the main power centres of the world.

It is Gettysburg, scene of the New World's most famous battle. And President Eisenhower has set up his temporary "White House" there for a couple of months while he recovers completely from his illness.

You approach the new "White House" along a busy shopping street which recalls a typical English market town.

On the right is an old court house, a dignified building of the late 18th or early 19th century style. A little further up on the left, where the High

Street crosses Baltimore Street, is a new post office, built of white stone, with a broad flight of steps leading up to a pillared entrance.

Up those steps citizens of Gettysburg continue to take their letters and parcels. Around the corner is a more modest entrance with a placard saying: "Welcome, Mr President."

Just inside that entrance is a door on the right-hand side. Its glass upper half bears the word "Postmaster."

That is Eisenhower's new office. That is where, in the coming six or eight weeks, decisions will be made which will affect the world.

Outside in the streets and in the square, the heart of this

little country place, the folk are just the same as in any small town.

Modest professional men, shopkeepers, local officials, a smattering of farmers. Women gossiping and admiring each other's babies. Policemen controlling traffic in a good-natured way. All very informal, all very homely.

About four miles outside the town, on the edge of the battle field the Eisenhower farm is as neat and orderly as a picture.

I stopped to look at it from a high observation tower built on the battlefield's western side. It was easy to understand why Eisenhower is so fond of the place.

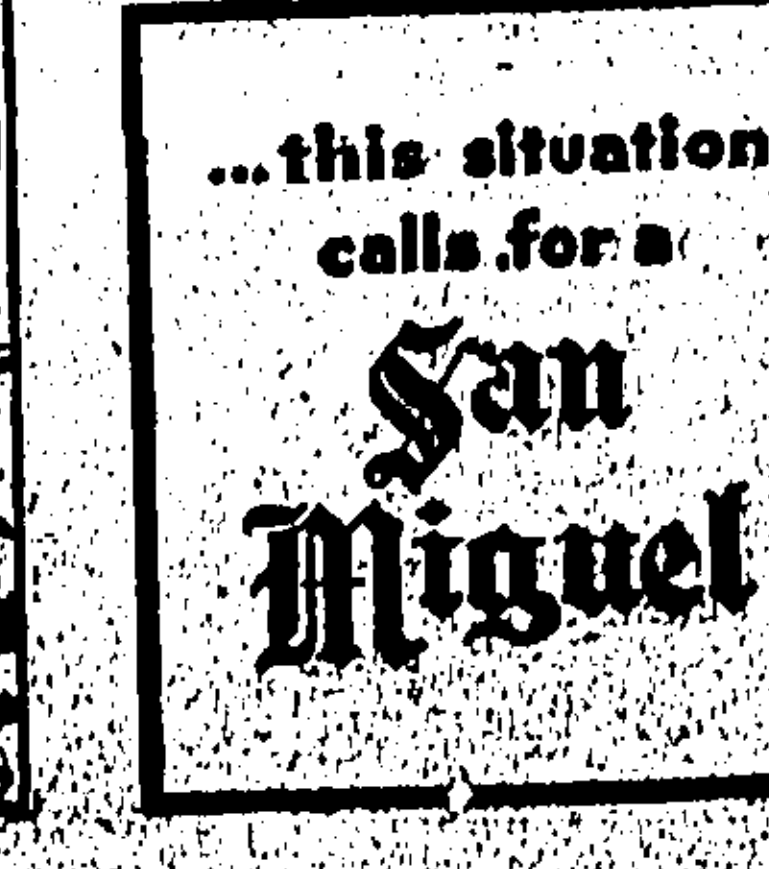
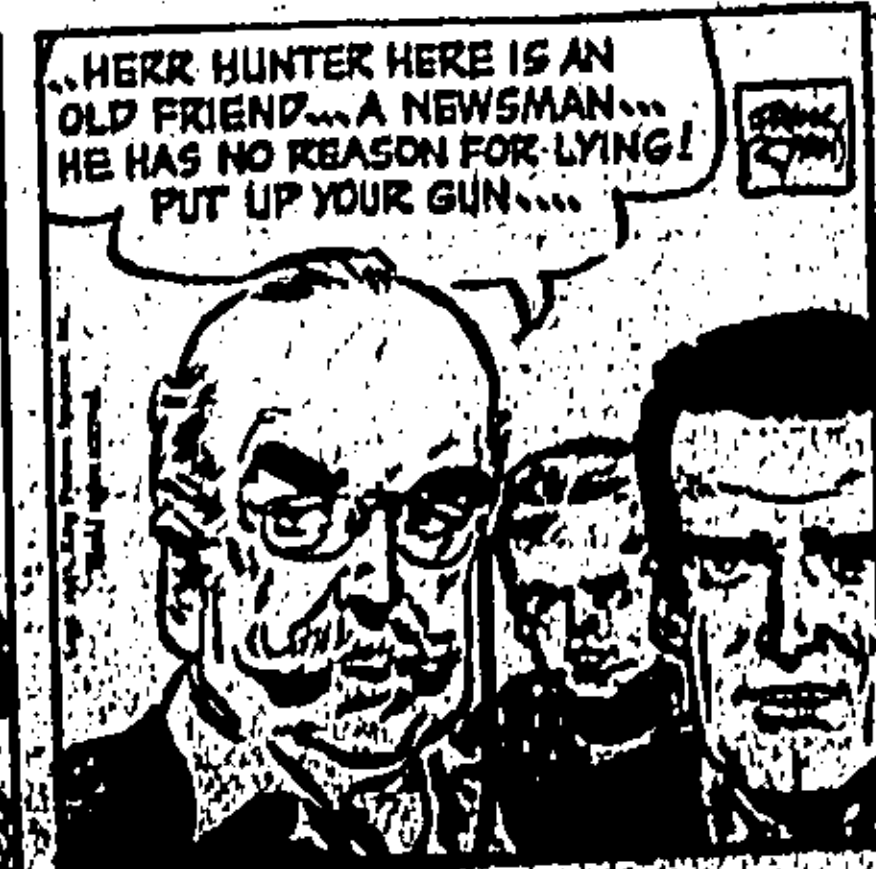
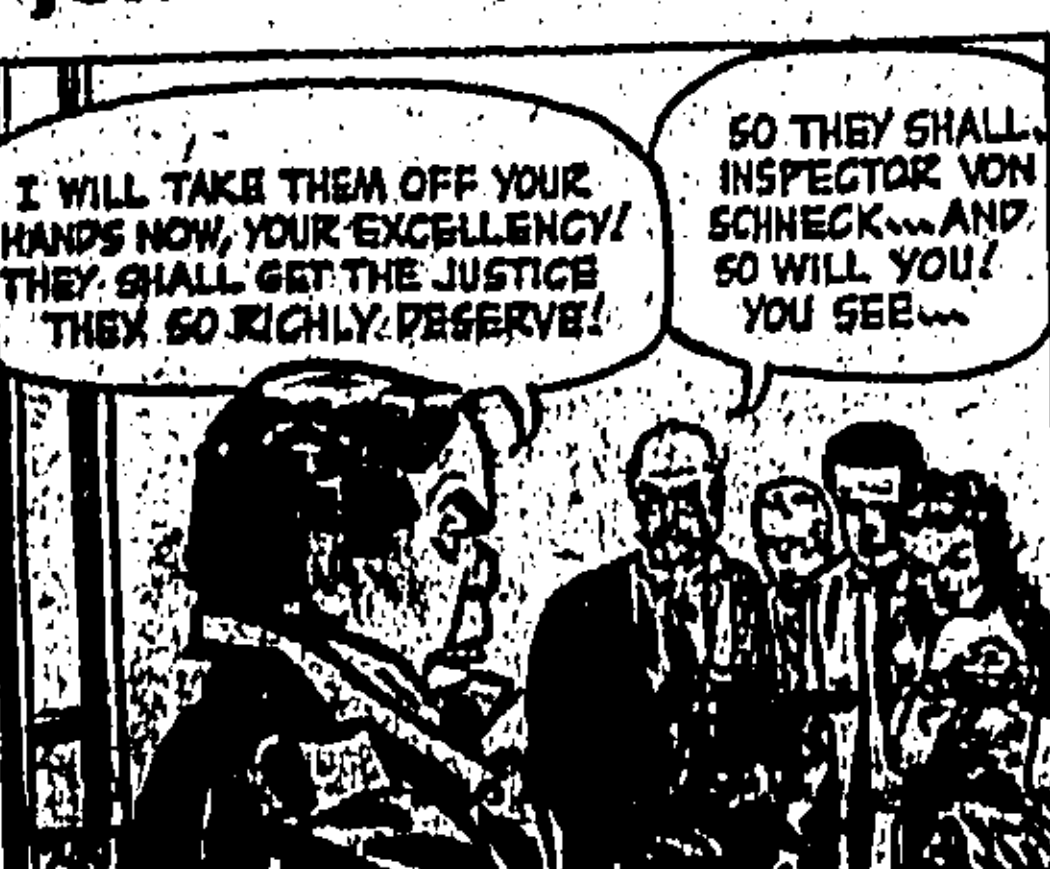
The medium-sized, grey-white house, beside a huge new Dutch barn and surrounded by a well-kept, tidily-fenced field, is just the thing any prosperous business or military man with a love for the country might long to retire to.

Above it to the east runs a tree-lined ridge where the bloodiest fighting of the fateful three-day battle took place. To the south and west the house looks across the rolling, wooded farmland to a horse-shoe-shaped ridge of scrub-covered hills.

Eisenhower has invested the best part of \$500,000 in the house and land. Today, under sunlit skies, with the whole countryside burning in its late autumn glory, it seemed well worth the price.

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JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

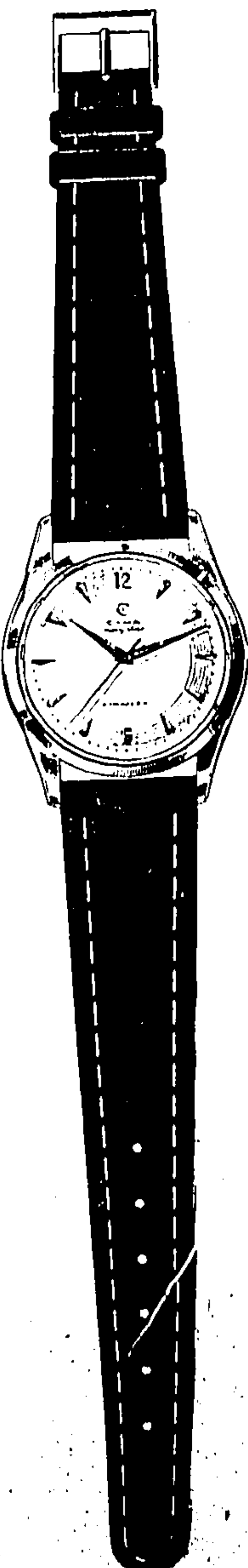
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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

THE "BARE" LINE

A trend in Italian fashion is to avoid details such as trimmings. The result is that models virtually depend on cut and fabric for effect.

By GINA POPESINA

ONE of the most noticeable things about current Italian fashion is that almost all unnecessary features in the way of trimmings have disappeared. For instance, models rely on cut and fabric design for their effect. Shoulders are slightly wider. Armholes are small and neat and sleeves are smooth and narrow. Even necklines are often collarless or are restricted to small, stand-away collars. Sheath dresses and tunics predominate.

The resulting fashions are rather severe and unfeminine and very difficult to wear unless you are well-groomed and have a tall, slim figure. Indeed, it has been christened the "bare" line.

However, as with every new fashion there are exceptions. Some designers have introduced a lot of interest to some of their models, although simplicity is still the rule. There are small rounded Peter Pan collars (which have a very ingenious look), tucked yokes, slashes, stoles and contrast effects with stripes and checks.

WOOL BROCADES

Fabrics naturally play an important part in current fashion. Simple sheath dresses look most effective in a fine wool printed in one of the new Persian designs that combine such colours as china blue and pinkish red or peacock blue and black. Wool brocades give a luxurious look to plain evening coats.

For anyone who is planning additions to her wardrobe, there are more ideas from Italy. Plain wool flannel is ideal for tailored suits with jackets which have an inverted pleat at the back, thus giving a slightly bloused effect. And colourful checked flannels look extremely well made up into two-piece ensembles. Fabrics with surface interest are being widely used in Italy, as are those with a woven pattern. Of these, the most prominent are tweeds of all types from Shetlands to herringbones.

NEW IDEAS FOR CASUALS THESE days casual clothes from the boutiques have gained such significance that one awaits new creations with almost the same enthusiasm as for the main collections. Much of this enthusiasm has been inspired by the Italian designers, for in this particular sphere they excel.

For this winter they have brought out a number of new ideas, some of which, incidentally, the enterprising home dress-maker should not find difficult to copy.

You will find in that incomparable Italian style a variety of skirts to wear with blouses or sweaters, and you can ring the changes so often with separates. Suitable fabrics for skirts are light wool rep, wool gaberdine, tweed and gaily-coloured wool tartan. Remember that plants are very fashionable at the moment. If you prefer blouses to sweaters, why not have them in wool muslin so that you do not need to wear a cardigan?

As an alternative to skirts, a pair of trousers might come in useful. (Incidentally, for the colder spells they are infinitely warmer than skirts). These look best if they are tapered, but not



ANTONELLI: The jacket of a very plain tailored suit in light blue and beige jersey has the front cut in horizontal sections, each of which has a series of small darts. VENEZIA: The unusual cuffed pockets featured here are the only trimmings. VENEZIA: This dress in peacock blue wool has novel seaming on the bodice and a wide high neckline. Note the vertical pockets at the bustline. CAROSA: Pleated satin is applied to the front of the bodice of this black wool dress. MARUCELLI: A small mink tie is used at the neck of this three-quarter coat of herringbone tweed through the shawl collar of a black wool tailored suit. CAROSA: A black and light brown woollen suit with a small round beaver collar. CAPUCCI: A threaded belt marks the high waistline of this overcoat in brick red wool fabric. FABIANI: In black wool ribbed, this tailored suit is trimmed by a round collar of black fox. GUIDA: The simple line of this tailored suit in grey flannel is softened by the slightly bloused effect at the back of the jacket, which is held by a half-belt.

Spike Heels Hazard In Driving

New York. SPIKE heels have tripped many a woman driver into an automobile accident.

The Leather Industries of America, quoting safety officials on the high-heeled hazard, warns that the best footwear for the lady motorist is a spike heels. -United Press.



JACKIE KEEPS THAT HEALTHY SPARKLE

by EILEEN ASCROFT

JACKIE COLLINS is the attractive 18-year-old sister of film star, Joan Collins, and is also planning an acting career. She realises that the camera is the frankest of all critics and she is determined to guard that healthy under-21 sparkle.

"At least eight hours' sleep is essential," says Jackie, "and an extra hour or two after a party." She tries to avoid two late nights running when she's working.

Vegetables, salads and proteins are the basis of Jackie's beauty diet for preserving her 38in.-23in.-38in. measurements. She prefers fruit juice to tea and coffee.

Regular exercise, "preferably in the fresh air," is another "must" for teenage good health. Jackie likes tennis and swimming in summer and walking and table tennis in winter.

Here Jackie is wearing a blue-black, circular felt skirt and trim matching jacket. She wears a fur wrap over a white blouse, but it could go to the country over a polo-necked sweater or to parties over a gay blouse.

A Career Prepares Her For Marriage

By ANNE HEYWOOD

"ALL I ask for my daughter," a mother told me recently, "is an early marriage to a nice boy. Then she won't have anything to worry about."

And yet, every day, I see the girls who married the first boy who proposed. Most of them never had a decent job or any experience in self-discipline or self-development. They seem to have plenty to worry about.

Mother Can't Understand

Actually, a couple of years spent working at an interesting and demanding job is the best possible preparation for marriage. But it is hard to make some mothers see it, largely because things were different in their time.

Take, for example, this letter from a mother: "I am writing about my daughter," she says, "and I am most concerned about her. She is engaged to be married to a fine boy."

Insists on Working

"After they both graduated last June from the University, we all expected them to be married right away. But not my daughter insists on waiting a year or two, so she can work at her job for a while. Her husband-to-be seems to think it is a good idea, too, if she wants it that way."

"So my daughter is at work now."

"Every time I try to get her to stop and get married, she raises quite a fuss. She says it's very important that she have this experience, and so on. But as I tell her, Bob is an attractive man. A lot of girls in his office are doubtless setting their caps for him and she may lose him if she goes on like this."

"Anyway, what does she need this experience for? She'll be a wife and mother and won't have to worry about office jobs any more."

Beneficial

In this mother's day, it would have been inconceivable to insist on a job, but I think the daughter is wise. If she really has the business bug—and she seems to—she will always regret it if she has missed the experience of working.

Also, a year or two to get established, for both the husband and wife, is excellent preparation for marriage. Moreover, if the boy is willing to wait it seems to me it's their business.

In Mother's day, a girl married, had her babies and eventually married them off and settled down to putting in the garden. But a young bride today may plan to resume her career after the children are grown. It will be easier all around if she has had the original work experience. Then, too, ways of living and costs of living have changed a lot in the past thirty years. Most young couples like to feel that there is always the possibility of a two-pay-check family.

TOP LEFT: A plain wool poplin blouse and ankle-length trousers in checked wool tartan are worn with a very short, pleated skirt of the same fabric, as the trousers, by Valditrevere.

TOP CENTRE: Trimmed with bands of black, ribbed knitwear, this loose-fitting blouse is in smoke grey and black checked wool cloth; by Valditrevere.

TOP RIGHT: A loose over-blouse in soft white wool. This buttons all down the back and flares out slightly from the shoulderline. It is trimmed at the collar, cuffs, pockets and back-fastening with yellow and black checked wool fabric; by Valditrevere.

LOWER LEFT: Warm over-blouse in thick, creamy-white wool with double-seaming at armholes, neck, pockets and cuffs and trimmed with gilt buttons; by Glans.

LOWER RIGHT: This very smart jacket in the new long tunic style is in a boldly-striped navy blue and white wool fabric; by Mirra.

too tightly or they will restrict movement. They could be in plain wool gaberdine or a checked or striped flannel, the latter having a slimming effect if the stripes are used vertically. These days it is permissible to wear trousers in the evening for informal occasions. Moreover, they can look very smart, especially in black, with a decollete blouse or jumper.

A suit rarely looks out of place on any daytime occasion and should also be included in your winter wardrobe. It would be ideal for a variety of occasions and would look most effective worn with a blouse in light-weight wool jersey with a hood

FASHIONABLE

A topcoat, which is so often teamed with casual clothes these days, is another consideration for your winter wardrobe. The three-quarter length variety with wide cape collars are very fashionable just now, but if you prefer a full-length coat, a loose-fitting one in soft wool would be your best choice, so that it can be worn easily over a suit.

Servants Are Not Always A Pleasure

Milwaukee. MOST women would welcome having servants do the housework, cooking and other chores around the house, but not Mrs Harry G. French.

Mrs French, wife of the American vice-consul at Istanbul, Turkey, recently returned to her parents' home for

a three-month visit and she said, "I can hardly wait to get into the kitchen and start doing things for myself again."

She said she enjoyed living in foreign countries, but there were many drawbacks.

"Over there, I had to give my home, over to others, to having someone else take care of the house, do the cooking and watch

over the children," Mrs French said.

"Everything is done by servants. They do the best they can, but their standards are not the same as ours. They're so limited in what they can do. It's so much easier over here for one person to keep just as big a house with modern appliances than over there with a household of servants."—United Press.

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REMINDER: ALL MONDAYS LATE CLOSING DOORS OPEN TILL 7 P.M.



HONGKONG'S new Chief Justice, Mr Justice Michael Joseph Patrick Hogan (right), posing for photographers with the Senior Puisne Judge, Mr Justice T. J. Gould. Mr Justice Hogan arrived on Monday from Singapore. He was formerly Attorney General for Malaya. (Staff Photographer)



SWIMMING pupils of Mrs Lykko Rose (seated centre) who received their proficiency certificates at the European YMCA last week. (Staff Photographer)

AT the Tung-Wah Hospitals charity ball, held at the Peninsula Hotel last week. Right, top: Mr Fung Kam-chung, Chairman of the Board of Directors, introducing the Directors' ladies to Lady Grantham. Right, below: Lady Grantham receiving a bouquet from Miss Fung Choy-sin, daughter of the Chairman. Below: part of the floor show. (Staff Photographer)



SCENE at the Jockey Club last Saturday during the draw for the Kwangtung Handicap sweepstake, which furnished a record first prize for the lucky ticket owner. Right: Winner of the event, Night People (Kenny Kwok up), being led in by Messrs Gerald Lee and F. K. Li. (Staff Photographer)



MR William Lau Kin and his bride, formerly Miss Jennie Lam King-mui. The wedding took place at the Hop Yat Church.



THE Secretary of State for Air, Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, seen at Kai Tak with Lady De L'Isle and Dudley. They arrived on Monday for a two-day visit. (Staff Photographer)



LT-GEN. Sir Cecil Sugden, Commander, British Forces, Brig. R. H. Bellamy, Deputy Commander, Land Forces, and Air Commodore A. D. Messenger, Air Officer Commanding, enjoy a chat at the reunion of the Hongkong Parachutists' Association, held at the Chatham Road Transit Camp. (Staff Photographer)

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AT the Peninsula Hotel on Tuesday, the United Service Ladies' Social Committee held a successful ladies' night. Right: Mr A. R. Brown, President of the Committee, with Mrs. Brown. Above: Col. J. L. Kelly's party. (Staff Photographer)

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AMONG those who attended the annual ball of the Northumberland and Durham Association, held at the Peninsula Hotel. Top: Mr. T. Waller (President), Mr. A. G. Coles, Mr. S. S. Telford, Mrs. Coles and Mrs. Telford. Bottom: Mrs. M. Fletcher, Mr. D. Scott, Mrs. I. Bower, Mr. R. W. Coleman, Mrs. Strother-Stewart, Mr. A. Fletcher, Mrs. E. Coleman, Major G. Strother-Stewart and Mr. E. J. Bower. (Staff Photographer)



FIVE who competed in the ladies' open long jump at the Pentathlon meeting at the University athletic ground, Pokfulam, last Sunday. From left: Chung Pong (SCAA), Julia Tingay (HKAAC), Hong Sik (SCAA), the winner at 15 foot 11 inches, Soong Hwee-hwa (HKUAC) and Sarada Nair (HKUAC). (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Pamela May Allan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Smith, was christened at the Union Church last Sunday. Family portrait made after the ceremony. (Ming Yuen)



ON Wednesday, His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, visited the Hongkong Regiment at its annual camp in Fanling. Top picture shows His Excellency, accompanied by Lt-Col A. S. J. de S. Clayton, Commanding Officer, watching an exercise. In lower picture, he inspects the men's mess tent. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: The Hon. John Keswick addressing graduates and students of the Hongkong Technical College at the annual graduation ceremony. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: A happy time for youngsters of the Kowloon Junior School at their annual sports, held last Saturday at King George V School. Picture shows boys who took part in the wheelbarrow race. (Staff Photographer)

A happy year and good examination results were reported at the annual speech day of Ying Wah Girls' School last week. Mrs. Gordon King is seen distributing prizes. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Mr. M. C. Illingworth receiving a cricket bat prize from Mrs. T. A. Pearce at the Interport Cricket dance at the Kowloon Cricket Club. (Success)

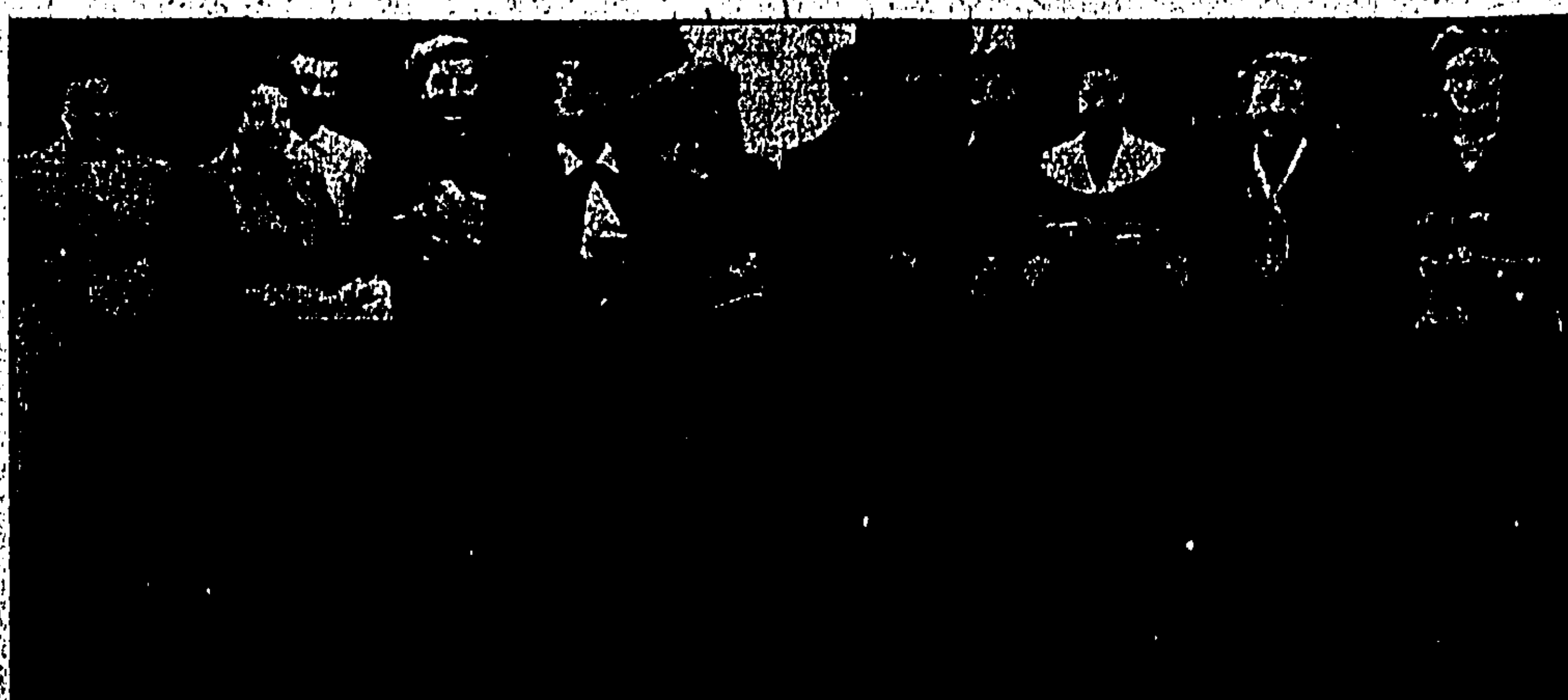
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BELOW: Mrs. J. Keswick (fifth from right) presented the prizes for the ladies' golf competitions at the Sheko Country Club on Thursday. This is a group of the prize winners. Mrs. W. N. Gray, 1955 champion, is third from right. (Staff Photographer)



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Chocolate Milk Treats

By ALICE DENHOFF

If you are looking for short cuts, then maybe you'll be interested to know how we have used that small fry favourite, chocolate milk. It doesn't take much to establish the popularity of chocolate-flavoured cakes, cookies and candies, and chocolate milk certainly fills the bill when it comes to easy baking.

Chocolate Milk Rice Whip is a sweet that manages to be wholesome, nutritious and delicious all in one.

For 6 to 8 servings, combine 1/4 c. rice, 1 qt. chocolate milk, scalded, 1/2 c. sugar, 1/2 tsp. nutmeg, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/2 cup butter, in a greased 1 1/2 qt. baking dish. Bake at 325° F. 2 1/2 hrs., stirring occasionally during the last hr. Chill. Fold in 1 c. heavy cream, whipped.

Here's a heavenly ice cream that we can guarantee is going to disappear—and not via the melting method, either.

Scald 1 c. chocolate milk. Combine 1/4 c. sugar, 1/2 tsp. salt and 1/2 cup all-purpose flour.

Gradually add to scalded milk and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until mixture boils. Boil 1 min.; cool. Pour into freezer tray and freeze until frozen 1 in. from sides of tray.

★

Beat frozen mixture until smooth. Fold in 1 c. heavy cream, whipped, and 1/2 oz. square unsweetened chocolate that has been grated. Freeze 3 to 4 hrs., stirring constantly during last hour.

Now for something special, a delightfully light and lovely chiffon pie.

To make 1 9-in. pie, soft 1/2 cup gelatin in 1/2 c. chocolate milk. Combine 2 c. chocolate milk, 3 egg yolks, 1/4 c. sugar and 1/2 tsp. instant coffee, beating well. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until slightly thickened. Beat 3 egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Fold into gelatin mixture. Pour into crust shell and chill until firm. Top with 1 c. heavy cream, whipped, and grated unsweetened chocolate to suit.

Knit While You Relax



MATERIALS: 17 ozs Golden Eagle Chunkyknit in main colour; 7 ozs Golden Eagle Chunkyknit in contrast colour; 1 pair knitting needles size 3.

MEASUREMENTS: Length 88 inches; Width 22 inches.

TENSION: Approx. 5 sts. and 6 pattern rows to 2 inches.

ABBREVIATIONS: K., knit; S(s), stitch(es).

With No. 3 needles and main colour wool, cast on 54 sts. *1st row: K. 2nd row: K., winding wool 4 times round needle on each st. 3rd row: K., dropping the extra loops off left hand needle on each st. 4th row: K. 5th row: K., winding wool twice round needle on each st. 6th row: As 3rd row. * Repeat from * to * 20 times more. Cast off.

To Complete

Fringe each end of stole thickly with contrast colour wool, cut in 10 inch lengths and looped through with 2 lengths together to each loop, to make a 5 inch fringe. On each single hand of k. row thread contrast colour wool across row through the top loop of the st. and back across row through the bottom loop and fasten off neatly. Repeat on single hand of k. row on reverse side of stole.

Nature Loses Out In Hair Colouring?

New York.

It won't be long until virtually every woman in the country will be improving on the natural colour of her crowning glory.

So predicts the Nations Hairdressers and Cosmetologists Association.

"In five years . . . well, anyway in a few years, there won't be a woman whose hair shade is strictly her own," said an association spokesman.

★ ★ ★

For the women planning to alter colour this autumn and winter, the association forecasts top popularity for anti "carbon" tones, with brilliant highlights. Colours carry such names as candlelight blonde, carbon fox, carbon mist, smouldering ember, satin black, and chestnut glow.

The association, representing approximately 100,000 hairdressers and cosmetologists, predicted the new hair trend will be the "swirlwave". It features soft, spiralling waves and eliminates the mannish curls, the association said. The hairdressers said hair will remain off the collar, but exact length will depend on the length of the neck.

"We are not returning to long hair," a spokesman said firmly. —United Press.

Crochet Applique Duchess Set And Luncheon Set

MATERIALS: Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 3 (20 Grm.). 2 balls 6903 (Variegated) or selected colour required for Duchess Set or Luncheon Set. 3/4 yd. (34.5 cm.) contrasting, coloured linen 36 in. (92 cm.) wide for Duchess Set or Luncheon Set—2 Place Mats and 2 Glass Mats. Millwards Steel Crochet Hook No. 3 (Slack workers could use a No. 3 1/2 hook and tight workers a No. 2 1/2).

TENSION: Size of Flower = 2 1/2 in. (6.3 cm.) in diameter.

MEASUREMENTS: Duchess Set Centrepiece—25 in. x 10 in. (63.4 cm. x 25.5 cm.) Small Mat—6 1/2 in. (16.5 cm.) Luncheon Set Place Mat—13 in. x 10 in. (33 cm. x 25.5 cm.) Glass Mat—5 1/2 in. (14 cm.) across linen.

ABBREVIATIONS: Ch—chain; sl—slip stitch; dc—double crochet; hlf tr—half treble; tr—treble; dbl tr—double treble; sp—space.

DUCHESS SET

Centrepiece—Flower

Commence with 7 ch, join with a ss to form a ring. 1st Row: 10 dc into ring, 1 ss into first dc. 2nd Row: 4 ch, 2 dbl tr into same place as last ss leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (a cluster made). * 3 ch, 3 dbl tr into next dc leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (another cluster made); repeat from ending with 3 ch, 1 ss into top of first cluster. 3rd Row: 1 ss into first sp, 6 ch, * (1 dbl tr into same sp, 2 ch) 3 times, 1 dbl tr into same sp, 2 ch, 1 dc into next sp, 2 ch, 1 dbl tr into next sp, 2 ch; repeat from * omitting 1 dbl tr and 2 ch at end of last repeat. 1 ss into 4th of 6 ch. 4th Row: 1 dc into first sp, * (5 ch, 1 dc into next 2 ch sp) 3 times, 2 ch, miss 1 sp, 1 dc into next dc, 2 ch, miss 1 sp, 1 dc into next 2 ch sp; repeat from * omitting 1 dc at end of last repeat. 1 ss into first dc. 5th Row: * Into each of next 6 loops work 1 dc, 1 hlf tr, 2 tr, 1 hlf tr and 1 dc, 2 dc into each of next 2 sps; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into first dc. Fasten off.

Make 5 more flowers in same manner.

Leaf

Commence with 11 ch. 1st Row: 1 dc into 2nd ch from hook, 7 ch, miss 4 ch, a 3 dbl tr cluster into next ch, 6 ch, miss 3 ch, a 3 dbl tr cluster into next ch, 5 ch, a 3 triple tr cluster into same ch, 5 ch, a 3 dbl tr cluster into same ch, 6 ch, miss 3 ch, a 3 dbl tr cluster into same place as first cluster, 7 ch, 1 ss into first dc. 2nd Row: 3 ch, 0 tr into next sp, same place as first cluster, 7 tr into next sp, 1 tr into top of next cluster, 7 tr into next sp, 3 tr into top of next cluster, work down other side of leaf to correspond, ending with 1 ss into 3rd of 3 ch. Fasten off.

Make other 17 leaves in same manner.

Long Scroll

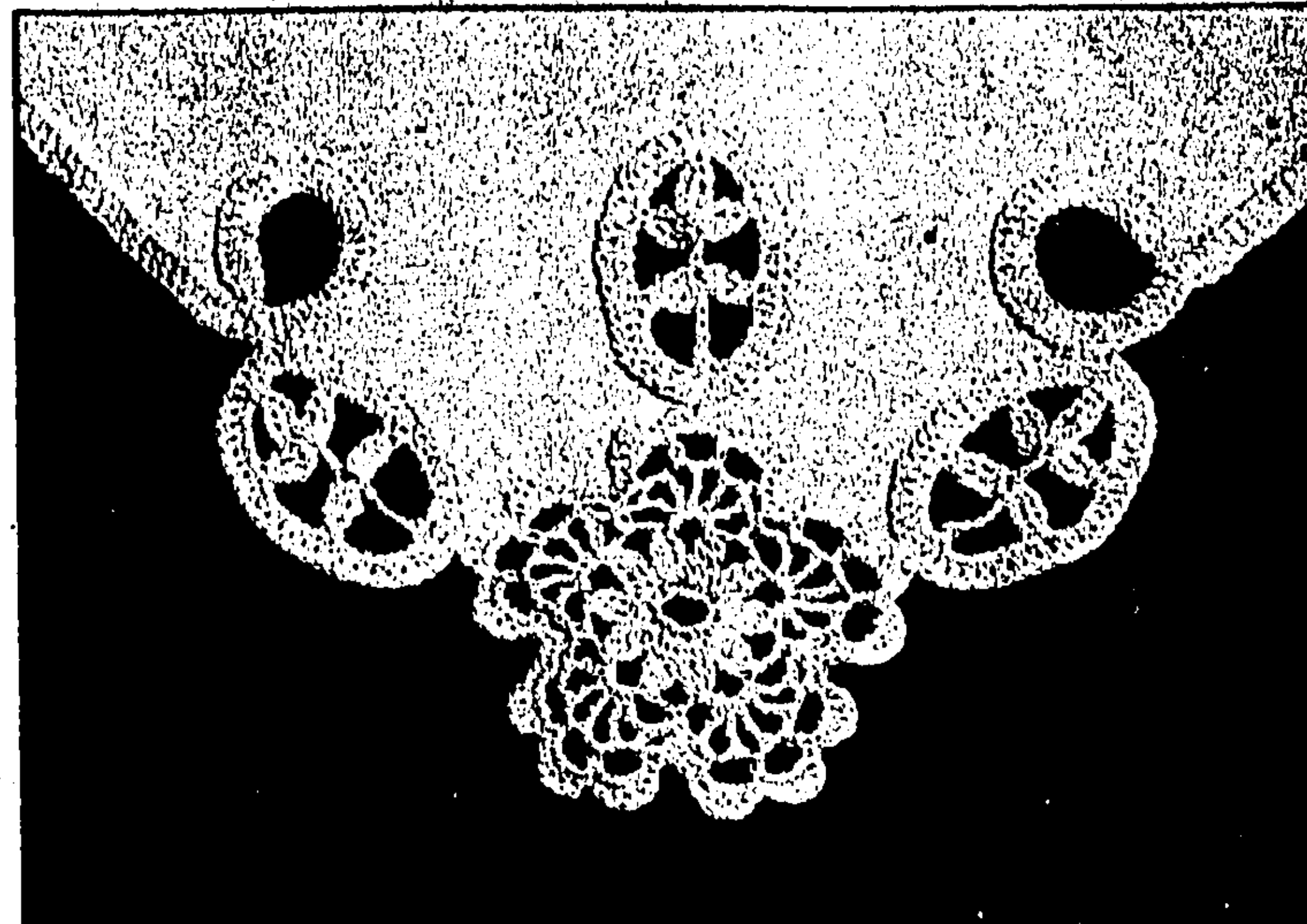
Commence with 124 ch, * mark 27th ch with a pin, 1 dc into 2nd ch from hook, 1 hlf tr into next ch, (1 tr into next ch, 2 tr into next ch) 12 times, 1 tr into each ch to marked ch, (2 tr into next ch, 1 tr into next ch, 12 times, 1 hlf tr into next ch, 1 dc into next ch, 1 ss into last ch. Fasten off.

Make other 3 long scrolls in same manner.

Short Scroll

Commence with 76 ch and repeat long scroll from *. Make another short scroll in same manner.

Cut Linen 9 in. x 24 in. (22.5 cm. x 60 cm.). Arrange flowers and leaves as shown in illustration. Connect corner and side sprays on long sides with long scrolls and on ends with short scrolls. Tack motifs together where they meet, hem down edges, then on back cut linen 1/4 in. (.8 cm.) outside stitching, turn edge back next crochet



and hem down on back of tr row.

Small Mat (Make 2)

Make 1 flower, 3 leaves for each Small Mat. Commence with 270 ch and make 1 scroll for each Mat. Cut Linen 6 in. (15 cm.) square. Arrange flowers, leaves and scroll on each and finish as for Centrepiece. Damp and press.

LUNCHEON SET

Make 4 flowers for each Place Mat and one for each Glass Mat. Make 12 leaves for each Place Mat and 2 for each Glass Mat. Make 2 long scrolls and 2 short scrolls for each Place Mat. Commence with 194 ch and make 1 scroll for each Glass Mat.

Place Mat

Cut Linen 12 1/2 in. x 9 1/2 in. (32 cm. x 24 cm.). Arrange flowers, leaves, long and short scrolls on each Place Mat and finish as for Centrepiece of Duchess Set.

Glass Mat

Cut a 6 in. (15 cm.) circle of Linen. Arrange flower, 2 leaves and scroll as in illustration and finish as for Place Mat. Damp and press.



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TIPS TO SAVE YOU WORK

By Eleanor Ross

If you like hooking rugs, but don't like the lint that results when you tear or cut materials into strips for hooking, here's how to eliminate the lint:

Wash the materials you plan to use in warm, soapy water, rinse, and, while wet, cut or tear the strips in desired widths. Fabrics usually tear easily when wet, and this saves cutting time, as well as wear and tear on your scissors. Hang the strips to dry before starting on rug pattern.

And here's a tip on window dressing:

It's a good idea, too, to have two spare sections on hand, just in case. Replacing one small panel saves time and money.

From a friend who designs beautiful costume jewellery comes a suggestion for keeping those long ropes of beads in sparkling, colourful beauty.

When you have to handle the same beads again, they come around again.

Incidentally, this expert says that the long bead rope will stay in fashion for some time—as long as the long rope or mummy line is in favour, anyway.

Does a member of your family use a leather brief case? If so, keep it spotproof with a thin coat of floor or furniture wax.

If you are furnishing a step-ladder with a coat of paint, sprinkle each step with a little clear sand before the paint dries. It will provide a wonderful non-slip surface. Easy, or course, if you live in a beach house, otherwise that's one to put away for winter.

When you have to handle the same beads again, they come around again.

America's Underworld Tough Eggs Are Italy's Headache

By HENRY THODY

IMAGINE if 2,000 emigrants who had become the tough eggs of the American underworld were suddenly shipped back to your country. Imagine the embarrassment of your over-strained police forces, suddenly faced with 2,000 "local boys who made bad" and who have been trained in Chicago's toughest gang methods.

Just this has happened in Italy. Thither 2,420 Italian-born ex-gangsters, killers, bank robbers, swindlers, dope runners, forgers and vice kings have recently returned to their native country after years in America, both inside and outside Sing Sing.

Under the McCarran law, as soon as these crooks were released from gaol, they were on parole for good behavior long before serving their full sentence. They were put on the first Italy-bound ship.

To keep a check on the army of 20th century crooks, American trained lawbreakers (over 100 on ex-gaol-birds), who are such front-page gossip in Lucky Luciano, Frank Coppola, Charlie Carolla, Frank Fazio and Frankie Russo, are on the time job and a major headache for the Italian police.

Speak Brooklynes

I have spoken to a number of these former gangsters to discover that few speak any but the save for a few words, they are members from their childhood. All speak a Brooklynes—slang drawn from a mouth sucking a thick cigar. Dressed in smart bow ties, natty hats, sideburns and wide snap-brim hats, they look anything but Italian. Nor do they appreciate their forced return to their homeland.

"Butcher, I'd rather be back in Sing Sing than this dump, Naples, what a joint! To think I was born here! Makes you kinda embarrassed to admit it."

The Italian police see these returned American-trained gangsters as the most potentially dangerous criminals in the world of Italy, and have already, in a matter of weeks, put them in association with the well-organized drug traffic between Italy and the U.S.

The other day Frank Coppola and two other returned gangsters were sent to gaol by an Italian court for handling heroin.

Lucky The Star

Star of the returned gangsters is Lucky Luciano, famed vice king, whose crime empire was broken wide by brilliant New York District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey, who later ran for President. Today Lucky lives in a smart villa overlooking the Bay of Naples. Well-dressed, amiable, a generous tipper, he is a popular citizen of Naples—except, with the local police, who will not let him out of his villa after dusk. I dined recently in a popular Naples restaurant. The waiter whispered to me, "At the table in the corner, Lucky Luciano." Then proudly: "A regular customer of ours."

Lucky is more than pleased with the local police. He is vexed (to say it mildly) because they won't let him go racing, his favourite pastime. They fear Lucky might mix at the race-track with his old cronies of the American underworld. Nor will the police leave him alone.

Most Active

"I started a canned tomato factory—and what happens? Those fatcats keep seizing my deliveries and opening all the cans. Looking for dope, they say. How can a guy do business like that?"

Most active of the boys is Frank Frigenti, a lean, tough scrapper who makes a Humphrey Bogart screen interpretation of a gangster seem effeminate. Frank Frigenti was Al Capone's right-hand man. Boozie was his specialty, but he has turned his hand to most things, including killing. So much so that he was lucky to escape the chair when he killed a rival in an old-time, Hollywood-style gun battle. Somehow he got away with a long prison sentence.

"Yeah, I was due to fry," Frank Frigenti told me over a drink in Rome the other day. "I found it difficult to determine from his cold, impassive face whether they were

significant in the life of any man, to say the least—were spoken with pride or pensive note.

Signor Frigenti was trying to organize a hunger march on Rome of his ex-gangster repatriated colleagues. To spotlight their plight. They want honest work and it is hard to find in Italy, says Frank. "Nor could we go back to the good old U.S.A."

Alone you, Frank Frigenti is doing a good example. In Naples he has started a private detective agency. His first case was given him by a bank. "To find some stolen dollars," says Frigenti, "I had to go back within hours. 'He may have cheques.' Chicken feed, son."

There is Frankie Russo, who was actually born, so it is in the United States, but he is trying to escape a prison

sentence for fraud. Frank once swore he was an Italian. The court disbelieved him and sent him to gaol.

When freed, the immigration authorities said: "So, you're an Italian. Well, back you go to mother Italy."

Six Trips

They put him on a ship and he crossed and recrossed the Atlantic six times before the Italians would allow him to land.

Italy and America are still arguing who should pay for these six Atlantic round trips. I know one thing, however.

The Italian police force would pass the hat around tonight to raise first-class passages back to America for Frank and his 2,420 underworld colleagues of Uncle Sam would only have them back.

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ANTARCTIC DEPARTURE

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Who Will Succeed Attlee as Labour Party Leader?

WHY CLEM DOESN'T WANT MORRISON

By SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P.

EVERY year in the month of October there are two great political parties of Britain hold their annual conference before advancing upon Westminster for the winter session. And almost invariably they choose a seaside holiday resort because the ozone adds spirit to their spirits and because the hotels have plenty of rooms available.

This year the Tories chose Bournemouth which is not only a seaside resort but almost a state of mind. There you see the retired colonel and his hawk-nosed wife, the over-grown company director and his unmarried daughter, the senior Civil Servant who has reached the peace of superannuation, and the comfortably off widows of successful industrialists.

Bournemouth even has a Symphony Orchestra although it is finding television a tough competitor. But there was not a great deal of sweet music about this year's Tory Conference. Even Chancellor Butler, who has long been regarded as the Party's man of destiny, came under heavy fire. As for Peter Thorneycroft, the debonair President of the Board of Trade, he was told by a delegate from the cotton areas of Lancashire to get on or get out. Nor was this just in private. The television cameras revealed it to the eyes of the nation.

BIG NEWS

NATURALLY the two great parties do not hold their conference in the same place nor in the same week. Each is Big News and neither wants to share the available newspaper space.

I am sorry to confess that while I rarely attend the Tory Conference, I never miss the Socialist one. For one thing the Socialists are usually in a state of crisis, nor do they intrigue merely in private. This year it was obvious that sensational things would happen. For example, Mr Attlee had let it be known that at 72 years of age he was feeling the strain and hoped that he would soon be relieved of the leadership which has been his for twenty years. This brave little man, this giant of understatement, this sphinx without a secret, had undergone a stroke about the same time as Sir Winston Churchill.

As a matter of record, Attlee has led the party longer than any other leader in its history, and felt that, like Churchill, he should be allowed to lay down his task even if he did not return to the plough. But inevitably a political leader is concerned with the choice of his successor. Nor is he in a hurry to lay down the burden of leadership when the actual moment arrives. In fact, the only political leader to face knowledge who was

ed power gladly was Stanley Baldwin. But then he hated politics. He preferred watching cricket and smoking his pipe. One can understand Clement Attlee's feelings as the Socialist throngs arrived at Margate and spread to the hotels.

The sea, however, was as languid as a debutante at the end of the London social season. In fact, the waves were so lazy that they could hardly bother lapping the shore. But the Winter Garden, where the great conference was to meet, gleamed with lights and posters and flags.

DEFEATED

FOR the first time in many years Aneurin Bevan was not the star turn. He had challenged ex-Chancellor Hugh Gaiskell for the power, but unpaid, post-party Treasurer and had been defeated by five million votes to a paltry million. In case the size of these figures puzzles you let me explain that the Trade Unions have a block vote and, of course, their membership is huge.

It is difficult to understand why Bevan challenged the young Pretender in this way. The Trade Unions, which incidentally supply the Socialist Party with its political funds, look upon Bevan as a wild, irresponsible individualist. And the sober leaders of the Unions (more conservative than the Tories in temperament) despise wildness, irresponsibility and individualism.

By the rules of the party Bevan was no longer a member of the National Executive, following his defeat by Gaiskell. Thus for the first time in many years Bevan was no longer on the platform but had to sit in the body of the hall together with the humble constituency and Trade Union delegates.

No longer surrounded by his adoring henchmen, he looked like a ventriloquist's dummy left behind while the ventriloquist goes out for a drink. Nor to return to Mr Attlee's dilemma. It is no secret that he wants Gaiskell to succeed him. Despite the disparity (in years Mr Gaiskell is 41 and Attlee is 72), they have much in common. Both came from comfortable, upper-middle-class families, and both were educated at a public school, which is the quaint designation given to private boarding schools in Britain. When I tell you that Elton and Harrow are called public schools, you will understand what I mean.

DISADVANTAGE

THERE is nothing unusual in the emergence of the Left Wing intellectual whose parents have done well out of the Capitalist system. All revolutions, bloody or peaceful, are led by a mixture of intellectuals and wild men. It was so in France and Russia, and it is no less true in the bloodless revolution which brought the Socialist Party to six years of Government.

Let there be no doubt about Hugh Gaiskell's ability. He placed the Socialist Group in the Chamber of Commons, and

and now in opposition he holds his own against Rab Butler in the financial debates.

But Gaiskell has one serious disadvantage: his youth. For a political party hesitates to choose a leader who might carry on for thirty years. Churchill, Attlee, Baldwin and Chamberlain all became Prime Ministers in the significant sixties. Therefore, when the two wings of the Socialist Party (the political and the Trade Union) were faced with the supposedly imminent resignation of Mr Attlee, they could not fail to notice that Herbert Morrison was smiling in all directions and that his famous hair-do quiff was like the plume of a prancing charger.

With Attlee about to resign, with Gaiskell too young for the crown, and Nye Bevan wandering in the wilderness, who was the obvious successor to the Socialist throne? In other words, the great moment had arrived for the Cuckney statesman who is called "Our Ernie" by those of his faithful followers who dwell within the sound of Bow Bells.

But, wait! Was not Morrison a conscientious objector in the first war? He was, indeed. Morrison has never attempted to deny or explain that charge. But here are the facts, and it is time they were made known. Morrison was the son of a London policeman, and they lived with the Cockneys in a humble little house. One day something happened in that house—an accident which has never been explained—but the boy Herbert lost his eye. Nothing more is known than that. Eventually he got a job in the circulation department of a small newspaper, and he joined the Socialist Party, which was struggling for its place in the sun.

MARTYRDOM

BUT then came the 1914 war and, after a time, conscription became the law. Morrison came before the Tribunal and claimed exemption as a conscientious objector. Thus he remained in Clivity Street while his generation went to dusty death.

A few years ago I talked about this to Morrison and asked him if he regretted what he had done. "In some ways, yes," he answered. And then I realised for the first time that his action in 1914 was born of courage rather than cowardice. Lacking one eye he could not have been called up for military service, which he clearly understood at the time. But as a belligerent pacifist he chose political martyrdom by making it a matter of conscience.

It is such a life, the life of a Minister in Churchill's war government, he did everything in his power to assist in the destruction of Nazi Germany. Therefore, to return to Margate with his eye, although he waves, it seemed a certainty that Attlee would nominate Morrison as successor, with the understanding that in a matter of three or four years Morrison would make way for Gaiskell's man of destiny, Hugh Gaiskell. But by the third day of the conference overflows were lifting in many directions. Not only

was Attlee on the job throughout the day in the conference sessions, but he was attending all the social functions which were taking place in the evenings.

If it were a dance Attlee took the floor, and only left off when the band played the National Anthem. Nor did he seem ready for bed even then. In fact, the little bantam was shedding the years like peanut shells.

ENEMIES

THE comrades scratched their heads and gazed in puzzled admiration. And then next day a wise old bird from the Socialist Party gave me an explanation which was founded on deduction but was remarkably convincing. "All this dancing and staying up late by Clem," he said, "is for the purpose of showing the boys that he is in good shape to carry on. You will see that he will still be the leader when conference breaks up. Actually, he is not at all well and he wants to retire, but he is determined to stop Herbert as his successor."

I expressed suitable surprise, but he brushed it aside. "Clem loved Ernie Bevan," he said. "Clem thinks that Ernie was the one man who made it possible for the Socialist Party to form a real effective Government. And he also thinks that Ernie was a great Foreign Secretary. You know, of course, that Ernie and Herbert were enemies to the death."

I reminded him that they had a reconciliation during the Hitler war. "Sure thing," said my Socialist friend. "It was a deathbed reconciliation in which each thought the other was for the high jump. They were both sick men at the time, but Ernie recovered and it was Ernie who went west."

The Margate Conference resumed next day. Aneurin Bevan made an amusing and flamboyant speech from the sunbleached rostrum of the delegates, while the great men on the platform gazed upon him with that sense of security which distance gives.

THE CROWN

BUT when the week came to its end and the comrades were singing Auld Lang Syne, Attlee was still wearing the crown, and Morrison's cockle-hair-do had wilted almost to the horizontal. Then the seaside political plectrics troop moved to Westminster.

Can Attlee hang on for another year? That is what the wild wives are asking. If I may carry the seaside simile to the Thames, and if you think that is merely a play on words, I can assure you that those political wives—Mrs. Attlee, Mrs. Morrison and Mrs. Gaiskell—are almost as interested and excited as their husbands. I cannot carry the story further than that. But from time to time I shall let you know how the Battle for the Labour succession is progressing. But how much more pleasant it is to belong to the Labour Party, where you can get your hands on the man who will be our next leader!

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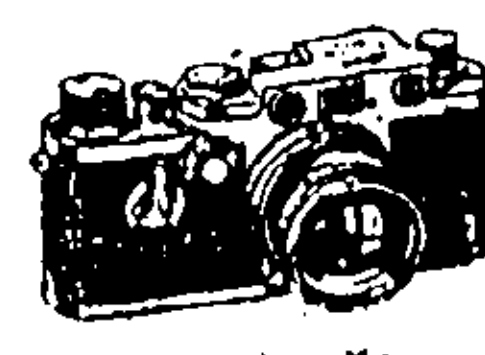
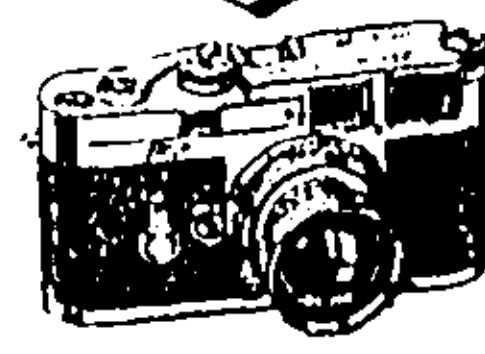
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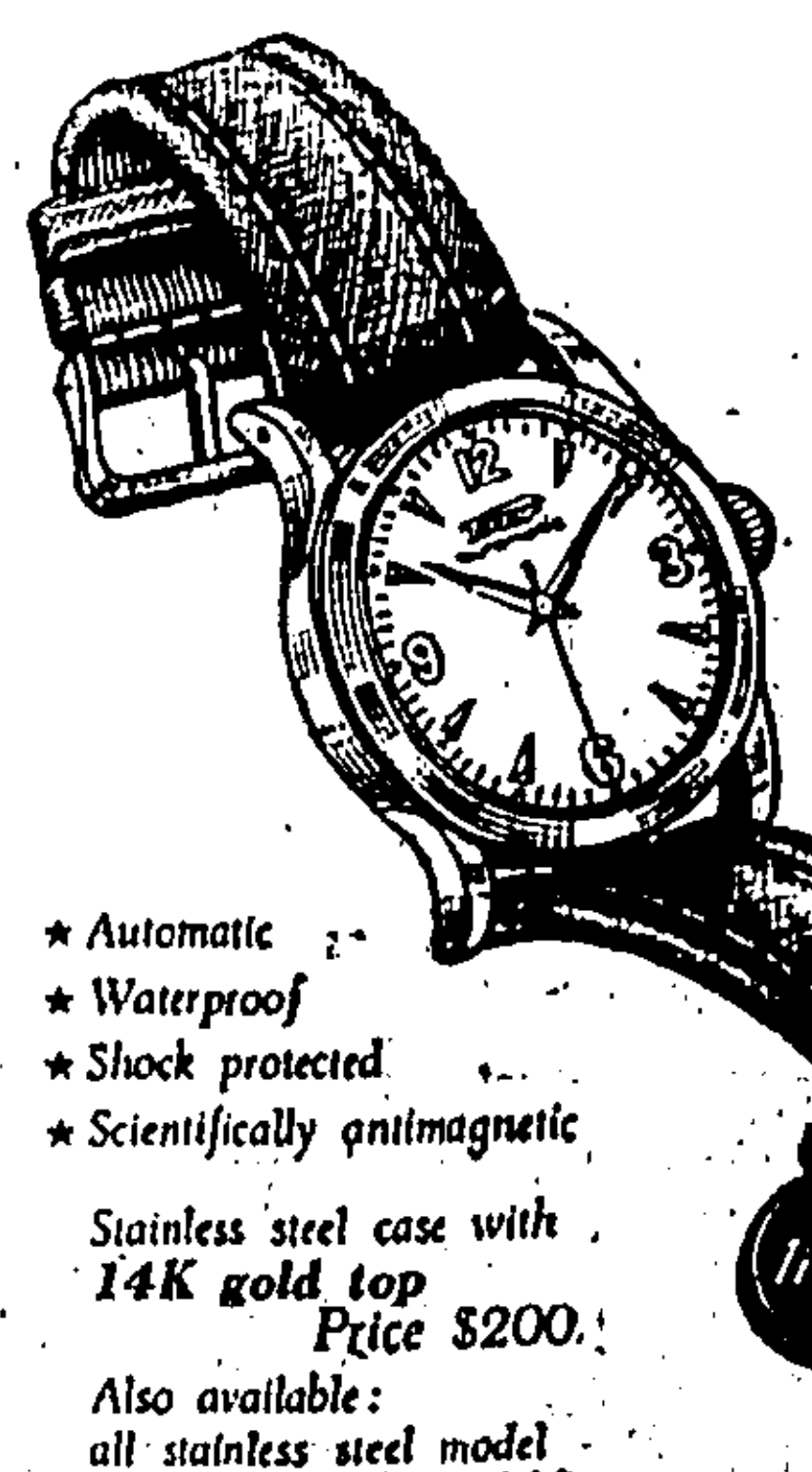
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The ability to "deflect" the ball to leg will certainly bring a batsman runs, especially against fast bowling or medium-paced bowling on fast wickets. But it must never be thought of as any substitute for playing the ball on the on-side with the full face of the bat, still less for hitting it to leg for four when it is possible to do so.

Whether played off the front or the back foot, the leg glance is played with a virtually straight bat; but just before it meets the ball the bat is moving slightly across the line, and the face of it is shutting.

There is, therefore, no room for error and the stroke should never be played to a ball inside the line of the batsman's pads.

Leg Glance off the Front Foot.—This is best played to a ball which is on or just outside the batsman's pads and just over a length but not far enough up to be driven.

Until just before impact the stroke is the same as the forward stroke to an on-side ball, except that the left leg is brought just inside the ball's line.



OFF BACK FOOT.

The ball should be met almost under the eyes and just in front of the left leg with the wrists turning the bat face slightly just before impact.

Leg Glance off the Back Foot.—The ball, again on or just outside the batsman's pads, will in this case be just short of a length.

As in the back stroke, the right foot will move well back and for enough across to allow the left foot, also moving back and landing nearly level with it, to be just inside the line of the ball; the right foot will be pointing towards mid-off and the left almost straight down the wicket.

The ball will be met only just in front of the left leg and approximately below the eyes. In both the leg glances the left hand should keep control of the bat as long as possible.

From "Cricket: How to Play," produced for the M.C.C. and published by Educational Productions, Ltd.



OFF FRONT FOOT.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB SECOND RACE MEETING

Saturday 19th & Saturday 26th November, 1955.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)
THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 16 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on both days.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72111).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Enclosure.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$10.00 each for the second day may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Almeida Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 18th November, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tipsters, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

THE GOVERNMENT STADIUM IS IN THE NEWS FOR MORE REASONS THAN ONE

By I. M. MacTAVISH

Whatever the outcome of the forthcoming series of games against our footballing visitors from Africa there is no doubt that their short sojourn will go down in Colony history if only because it will always be associated with the official opening of the grand new Hongkong Stadium. The tourists have an impressive record against top class opposition and there is every indication that they will give our various representative sides a hard fight for the honours.

Many of the spectators who attend the opening game will be having their first real look at the new Government sports dome. Like most people who have visited it so far they will doubtless be impressed by the grandeur of all they see.

It is a huge stadium. It has tremendous development possibilities and the lush green grass provides the sort of surface on which footballers should be able to produce their best form, although I predict that many of our players will be very tired and leg weary after 90 minutes of hard endeavour on the thick velvet surface.

The stadium has much to recommend it, and no doubt the bitter controversy that has surrounded its management and administration will be forgotten with the passing of time, but it would be wrong, unhelpful, and in many ways facetious to pretend that it is as yet an ideal construction.

DEFICIENCIES

Several important deficiencies have been spotted and commented upon by visiting sports celebrities, and other points have been raised by folks in our midst who are well qualified to act as critics.

No doubt these several issues have already been noted by the appropriate Government officials and one would imagine that they will be dealt with at an early date. To adopt any other attitude would be contrary to the progressive policy that has produced the stadium and would of course inevitably give rise to nagging criticism that might impair the overall usefulness of this fine new Colony amenity.

The stadium has also come into a different kind of discussion during the week. Some people have openly declared their doubts about the wisdom of the Hongkong FA's decision to play all three games of the forthcoming series at the new ground. They base their argument on the experience of past visits from touring teams.

They point out that it is well known in football circles that the All-Hongkong and Combined Chinese games are established crowd-pullers, and they declare that, by the same token of experience, it is generally accepted that the Hongkong Selection game lacks equal popular appeal.

The critics argue that a meagre crowd in one of the other grounds is bad enough but to see the same number scattered sparsely about the vast new amphitheatre will be a depressing sight, of benefit neither to the players who are taking part nor to the spectators who turn up to watch them.

SMALLER CROWD

It has been suggested that it would have been more realistic to have staged the second game at the Club Stadium where even with a smaller crowd a better atmosphere would have been created.

These well reasoned points are basically sound but the critics should remember that the switching of games from one ground to another increases the already complicated administrative difficulties to a marked degree. There is always the possibility, of course, that the novelty of the new ground will be strong enough to encourage more spectators than usual to attend the second game.

"Schoolboys in League football" was a red hot topic in

the Colony a few short weeks ago. The pressing problem concerning the premature entry of promising youngsters into highly competitive soccer is not, however, a localised issue and readers must have been most interested in an article on the subject from Britain which was published in this paper on Wednesday.

Strangely enough when I spoke about it the other day to a gentleman who gives serious and considered thought to such matters, he rather surprised me by saying that he felt it was a problem without an answer.

"It's all a question of circumstances," he said. "It is wrong and impossible to make an inflexible rule for or against the early entry of boys into League football without hurting somebody. There are many many points to be considered. Individual physique and personal health are surely too obvious to require much explanation; factors of educational ability and family circumstances must also be weighed in the balance; while the reputation of the club concerned in dealing with boys must also be given a lot of thought."

For these reasons I am very glad to hear that the HKFA is going to consider each application on its merits. I hope the appropriate committees will be strict and searching in their enquiries and never allow such applications to become mere pen and ink affairs.

A NEW RULE

The gentleman who made that statement is a prominent figure in our sporting life and while I confess I am not in complete agreement with what he says, I feel it is a point of view worthy of the widest consideration.

While on the subject of schoolboys in League football there is a point that has been well chewed over by soccer folks recently. A new rule was introduced by the HKFA a few weeks ago permitting duly approved schoolboys to play for League clubs.

It is well known, however, that prior to the introduction of this rule schoolboys were not permitted to take part in League matches, and it is of course equally well known that some clubs closed their doors to the rule and played schoolboys in vital League games.

Kitchee got a great deal of adverse publicity and after due investigation the registration of one of his players are actually cancelled, although the cancellation was subsequently stayed pending further consideration. The HKFA later changed its rules and clubs were permitted to apply for permission to play schoolboys in League and Shield games.

The position in the matter of schoolboys is now clear but many folks are wondering what has happened about the various clubs who wilfully infringed the old rule while it was still in force. Has the whole thing been forgotten... has an amnesty been declared... or does the FA still intend to take action against the offenders?

WEEK-END GAMES

There is an interesting programme of League games down for decision this week-end. Here are the particulars:—

Today: KMB v. Eastern at Caroline Hill.
Tomorrow: South China v. RAF at Caroline Hill; Kitchee v. Kwong Wah at Club; CAA v. Army at Causeway Bay; Police v. St. Joseph's at Boundary Street. All games start at 3.45 p.m.

Chief interest today will be in the big Chinese clash between KMB and unbeaten Eastern and there will be plenty of backing for both sides. The Busmen

have made considerable improvement since the early weeks of the season and in recent games the forward line has shown that it can get goals. If KMB continue to play Lee Chun-fat at inside-left they must be given a good chance of at least sharing the spoils with the League leaders. My own preference is for Eastern, particularly if Ko Po-keung is fit and back in the side, but much will depend on the touchline tactics of Chan Kar-sau and Sergio Man.

Tomorrow's outstanding game will again be at Caroline Hill where the improving RAF side will make a bold attempt to revenge the heavy defeat they suffered earlier in the season. The airmen are now playing attractive soccer but, always with the possibility of an upset in mind, I tip South China to win.

In the other week-end games, Kitchee should be too good for Kwong Wah; CAA will find the Army a very different team from the one they humbled 5-1 at the start of the season. In the last game on the schedule Police and Saints may share the honours over at Boundary Street.

Rugger Quiz Answers

(1) Well you were warned. The minimum number in a loose scrum is two players, one from each side. Law 15. The maximum number in any scrum is thirty. Law 15. And the maximum number in a set scrum is three per side. Law 15 (B).

(2) Joe has no right to be indignant. Since the goal posts are erected in the goal line, and the goal line itself is in-goal, the goal posts are also in-goal and therefore a try can be obtained if the ball is in contact with the ground and the goal post. Law 1 and 3.

(3) Miracles will never cease. Joe was quite right. Law 16 (c) states "The tackled player, if lying on the ground must IMMEDIATELY release the ball, roll away from it, and get up before playing it with his foot and Law 16 (d) (11) covers Joe who must get up first away from the ball before he can play it with his foot, but he need not wait on another player not in the tackle to come up and touch the ball first."

HELP THE SMALL CLUBS

Put Top Divisions In Early Rounds

Says DON REVIE

The Cup-ties began in earnest last week when the Third Division clubs join in with the non-League. This is the Cup that thrills; and, like a lot more people, I wonder why the Big Brothers of the First and Second Divisions are not roped in at this early stage.

It would be good for the game if they were. The small clubs live in hope from one year to the next that they will win through until they can draw a big gate against a First Division side.

With many clubs living near the danger line, surely the top clubs could help by agreeing to come into the earlier Cup rounds. Think what it would mean if Yeovil, or Netherfield, or Boston or any other gallant little club could feel sure that once it had got through the preliminary rounds there was a big chance of being drawn against Arsenal or Spurs or Wolves.

At present only one or two non-League clubs can hope to dribble through the tough testing early rounds for a chance at the Big Shots. It would make the Cup more democratic; it would make it harder for the eventual Cup winners because they would have more matches to play; and I can well imagine many fancied teams going out in the First round.

Under the present set-up with First and Second Division clubs excused until the Third round, it is virtually impossible for a Third Division team to get through to Wembley.

SMALLER CLUBS

Yes, I know York City almost did the trick last season when they reached the last four; and in 1954 Port Vale reached the semi-finals. But usually the strain of so many Cup-ties tells against the smaller clubs.

I'd like to see everyone in on a free-for-all basis once the preliminary rounds were over. Soccer needs a shot in the arm to give the spectators something to look forward to. This innovation would do the trick.

The visit of Moscow Dynamo has captured the imagination of the Soccer public. It is nice to see these visitors from abroad showing us their Soccer skills. But there is a growing body of opinion among officials and players, that if we are not careful, we are going to satiate the public with these show games.

This not only applies to games against overseas teams, but also the rash of floodlit fixtures up and down the country. Professional footballers now have about twice as many games to play in a season as they did 20 years ago. It gets tougher to maintain that fine edge of physical fitness. Are we not in fact approaching the stage where we may be giving

the public quantity but not quality in our football? There is this point to bear in mind. A top-class variety artist does not overstay his welcome on the stage lest he gets stale and the public are too much of him. Soccer faces the same sort of problem.

The other big factor which must also be borne in mind is that at present the Football League gets no share of these sales. So nothing goes into the League's Provident Fund. It may well be that the drop in League gates can be attributed to the fact that some people prefer to pay to watch these mid-week floodlit games.

LACK OF SUPPORT

Obviously League Soccer cannot be allowed to die in this country through lack of support. That's why so many far-sighted people are carefully studying the effect these mid-week matches have on Saturday League football.

Having said that, I think the Wolves deserve a vote of thanks for the way they so successfully uphold the prestige of England against the foreign challenge. It seems to me that manager Stan Cullis and his players have a zest for the big match "occasion" . . . congratulations to skipper Billy Wright and his boys for another fine show against the Dynamons.

We are having plenty of laughs in the Manchester City dressing room these days. When Wales beat England at Cardiff our captain, Roy Paul, pulled the legs of the English men: "It's Wales for the Championship," he kept saying.

GREAT FRIENDS

Now that Scotland have beaten Wales at Hampden Park it is Bobby Johnstone's turn. The clever little Scot who had such a brilliant game at Hampden Park keeps asking Roy Paul: "What about Scotland for the international Championship now?"

Roy and Bobby are great friends off the field, and I suppose we won't hear the end of "his private little feud" until England have played against Scotland next April.

It is remarkable even in international matches just how much ground advantage means. The Welshmen at Cardiff are scrappy, the Scots at Hampden Park are equally tenacious fighters.

At all events no one can deny that this season's home international tournament is wide open with possibilities. As all four home countries have won a game apiece and lost one, the interest will be maintained until the end of the season.

Scotland did so well on their summer tour of the Continent and I gather against Wales they recaptured their form and confidence.

(COPYRIGHT)

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Joe Louis.
2. (a) Boxing (b) Judo.
3. No.
4. Jack Hobbs—197.
5. Jack Johnson.
6. (a) Cricket (b) Rugby (c) Athletics (d) Baseball.
7. Bobby Jones in 1926-27-30.
8. (a) Cricket (b) Golf.
9. Greyhound.
10. Gus Lemewitch.

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CHERRY HEERING

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

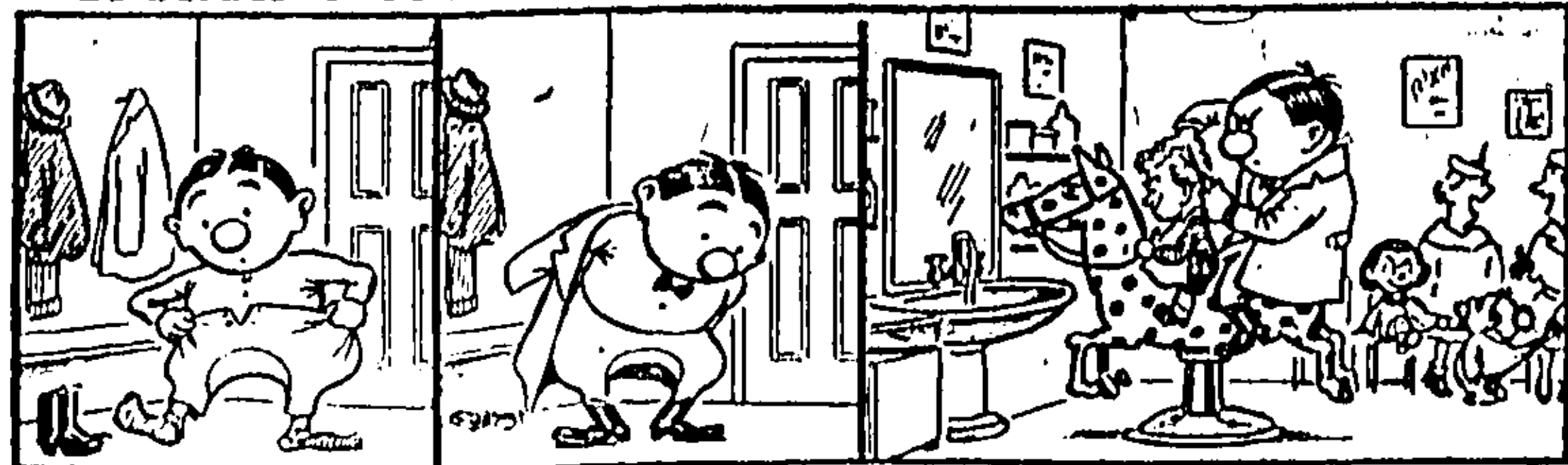
The Programme and Entry Forms for the 3rd Race Meeting 1955/56 to be held on Saturday 10th and Saturday 17th December, 1955, (weather permitting) may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House; the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Tuesday, 29th November, 1955.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



WEEK-END SOFTBALL

Navy - St Joseph's Takes Top Billing Tomorrow

By "TIME OUT"

The second round Senior "A" Division clash between the US Navy and Jindoo Hussain's Saint Joseph's will take top billing in this week's nine-game softball card at King's Park tomorrow. Featured also in a starring role in tomorrow's programme will be the diamond battle between the second-placed South China outfit and their lowly arch rivals of past years, the Chinese Athletics.

In the Senior "B" Division, the Hurricanes, fresh from their brilliant upset over the strong Comets nine last week, will be out in full strength to topple the League-leading Delawares when they cross bats at 3.30 p.m. tomorrow afternoon in their attempt at garnering their second win of the season.

The feminine quarter features two games in tomorrow's card. The first is a clash between the Wahooes and the Comets. The Wahooes have a 0.30 a.m. in the "A" ground, while their closest rivals, South China, take the hard-fighting Capadocia girls in the far diamond at the same time.

In this afternoon's programme, the Navy's game with the youthful Seminoles and Chinese Athletics lock horns with the Wuh Yung and the Eagles' squads respectively. Following these encounters at 3.30 p.m. will be the clash of Fred Dier's League-leading Hurricanes against the Lam Cus and the keen Tai Tung nine against the Overseas.

A HARD TIME
By virtue of their convincing win over the Chinese Athletics last week, the Navy's game with the Seminoles tomorrow morning means the main attraction at the park. Represented by the US Navy, the gobs, behind the accurate fast-bowling of ace hurler Hasmussen, clubbed CAA hurler K. Nazim for ten hits for a well-deserved victory over the Athletics last week and sound Hasmussen's pitching form came through again tomorrow and the Navy boys are ready for action. The Seminoles will have a hard time in getting a run off the junior Pandas.

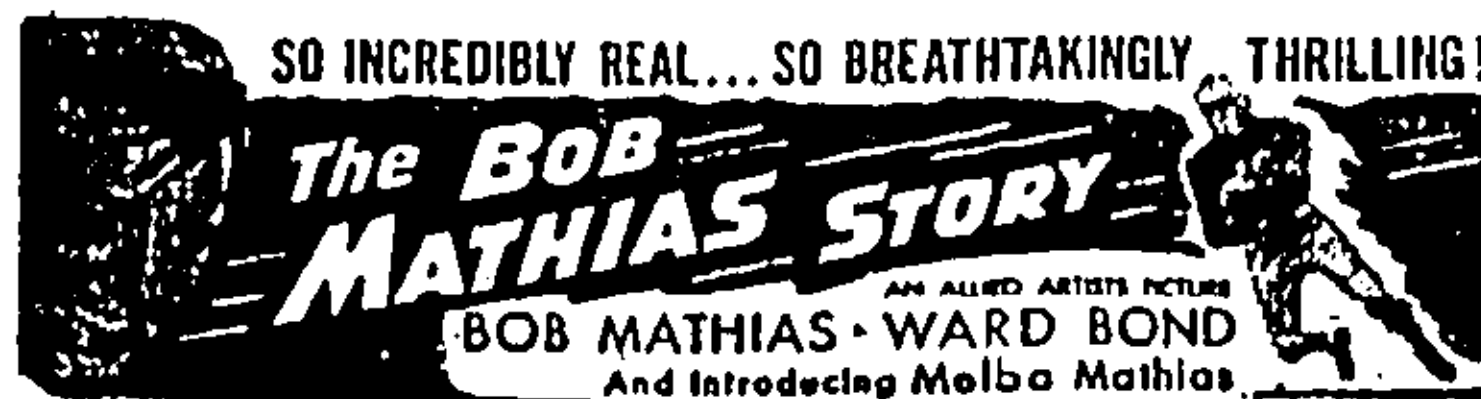
HARRY



says

ODELL

I am happy to be associated with the personal appearance of **BOB MATHIAS** at the **KING'S-PRINCESS** on Tuesday, 29th November, in connection with the screening of



and introduced by Hongkong's own idol —

LEE WAI TONG

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

By Barry Appleby



THIS AFTERNOON'S RUGGER

CLUB "A" MEET 27 BDE, GUNNERS v. RAF ISLAND, ALL GAMES IN KOWLOON

By "PAK LO"

This afternoon it is the Kowloonites who have the least distance to travel again, for all the games are being held on that side of the harbour. The first kick-off will be at 2.30 p.m., and this will find the Club "A" and the 27 Brigade facing one another.

Following them in short order at 3.45 p.m. will be the Gunners and the RAF Island. These two games will be on the Army ground in Boundary Street.

Next door to them on the Police ground in Boundary Street the first game will be between the RAF Mainland and the Navy at 3.00 p.m., while at 4.15 p.m. on the same ground the Police clash with the H.K. & K. Garrison. Lastly, up at Kait Tak, the Club "B" face up to the 48 Brigade.

In the game between the Club "A" and the 27 Brigade the Club have made a few changes, mainly in the pack where Darkin, Armstrong, Wright, Thompson and Rankin will take their new positions. This should weaken the strength of the pack, particularly in the set scrums, and lineouts, but for all that the Club should get a fair share at least of the ball.

Behind the scrum there is one change where Saville, a newcomer, appears on the left wing. Collins having left the Colony recently for the U.S. This still leaves a fairly strong back division, and while 27 Brigade are fairly strong in the forwards they are weak in the backs, and the Club should be able to win this game, for their backline in defence has been lately been improving of late and it would take a stronger three line than the 27th have to pierce the Club defence to any great extent.

GLEN IS BACK

In the second the successful Gunners' team present a few changes. Izod comes into the right centre position and Wyss takes over from Munder on the left wing, while Glen, now recovered from his recent injury, takes over his old place at scrum half. It is interesting to note that this should strengthen an already strong fifteen, and make them more invincible than ever.

However, the Club last week proved that the Gunners were not impossible to beat, but the Island and forwards must break fast and harass the three and halves as much as possible.

The Island fifteen also shows some changes, mostly positional switches. Southwick has switched to left prop from wing forward, and Anderson drops back to the second row in place of McCormick, while Woolf, now fit again after his injury, is once again one of the wing forwards. Behind the scrum there are also a few changes. Faust returns to the left wing, and Colgan goes into the right centre position with Lewis switching from right to left centre.

The main change is, of course, in the pack, and whether this rather unusual switch of Southwick's will pay dividends is a moot point. Presumably this will bring Southwick against Collis in the lineouts, but I have little doubt that Collis, for and away the best front row forward in the Colony, will overcome this opposition.

Again the Gunners' pack has more weight, and a much more settled and faster set of backs and they should win comfortably, though the Island should put up a good fight.

The RAF Mainland-Navy clash should be a very even battle, for both sides are a little

weaker than of late. The RAF backs do not seem to be settling down too well though Thomas and back is capable of taking care of most of the attacks that develop.

There is only one change in the team and that in the back row of the scrum where Jones is given a chance to show his worth. Against Club "B" last week the Airmen were a shadow of their former selves, but then so were the Navy against the Garrison.

The Navy have made one change in their three line where Major comes in to the wing three spot with Anderson inside him, and the other change is in the pack where Marsh is the new wing forward.

If Marsh can play as well as Connihan the RAF are in for a rough time. On the whole the Navy looks slightly stronger the week than previously and they might just win, but it will be a close thing, and should the Airmen reverse the first position, but on the top it will be no great surprise.

But the RAF pack without its stars is liable to get a hammering from the Navy forwards and with the Navy getting a larger share of the ball they should be able to finish off enough of their three moves and win, but the three must really get moving today and take their passes on the run instead of standing still at the scrum moment.

BOTH ON FORM

The next match is again one of those in which it is extremely hard to select the victors. Both teams have been very definitely on form lately, though Lloyd has not been the strong light he used to be last season.

However, the Police have switched him back to centre three where he should do well, while Lelliot comes out of the scrum half spot.

Lloyd's only weakness, is that he takes a second to make up his mind once he has the ball in his hands and fast breaking wing forwards are the bane of his life.

Brown goes into the pack as wing forward from the centre three position Lloyd has taken over. On the whole the Police could seem to have the stronger three line now, though the Garrison backs are by no means to be sneezed at, for given the chance they go really hard.

The Police pack is fairly heavy and with Shelley leaving them should get at least all the juice out of the ball in the lineouts and the loose. And this should be sufficient for the Police backs. In essence they have the indomitable Jonsson and this leaves them to concentrate on attack.

MR BLOGGS AGAIN

It would appear from the odd comments I have heard lately that one of the best known players in the Colony is that gentleman, I intimated recently in this column, I refer of course to Joe Bloggs.

He has occasioned many arguments of late and has inspired many players to look up the

Laws or to try and get hold of a copy for themselves. For those who have been inquiring Major Ledsman or Mr Jones will be able to put you on the track of getting a copy. The answers will be found on page 10.

(1) Joe Bloggs has at long last read up the Laws and has been going round asking his friends as many awkward questions as he can think of. Here are three of them. Watch out. There are catches in them. What is the minimum number of players for any type of scrum? What is the maximum number of players in any type of scrum? What is the maximum number of players in the front row at any one time in the scrum?

(2) Joe is back on the field for this question. He is racing back to cover his three, but one of his opponents has broken through the defence and is going hard for the centre of the goal line. Joe is just about to tackle him when the opponent touches down the ball in the field-of-play with one end against the goal posts. The referee awards a try. Joe is very indignant. Has he any right to be?

(3) Joe tackles an opponent with the ball with no one else near them. The tackled player rolls off the ball after releasing it but remains on the ground. Joe also rolls clear and jumps to his feet, and watches the full back come across. Joe has decided that as soon as the full back attempts to touch the ball with his foot and pick it he will flatten him. With the full back still ten yards away Joe's opponent on the ground reaches out and with one foot taps the ball in the direction of the full back who gathers it, and puts it into touch. Joe turns to the referee, and says "Hey, how about that?"

"Quite right," answers the referee "he played it with his foot." Was Joe or the referee right? Did Joe have to wait for the full back to touch the ball with his foot, or could he have done it himself?

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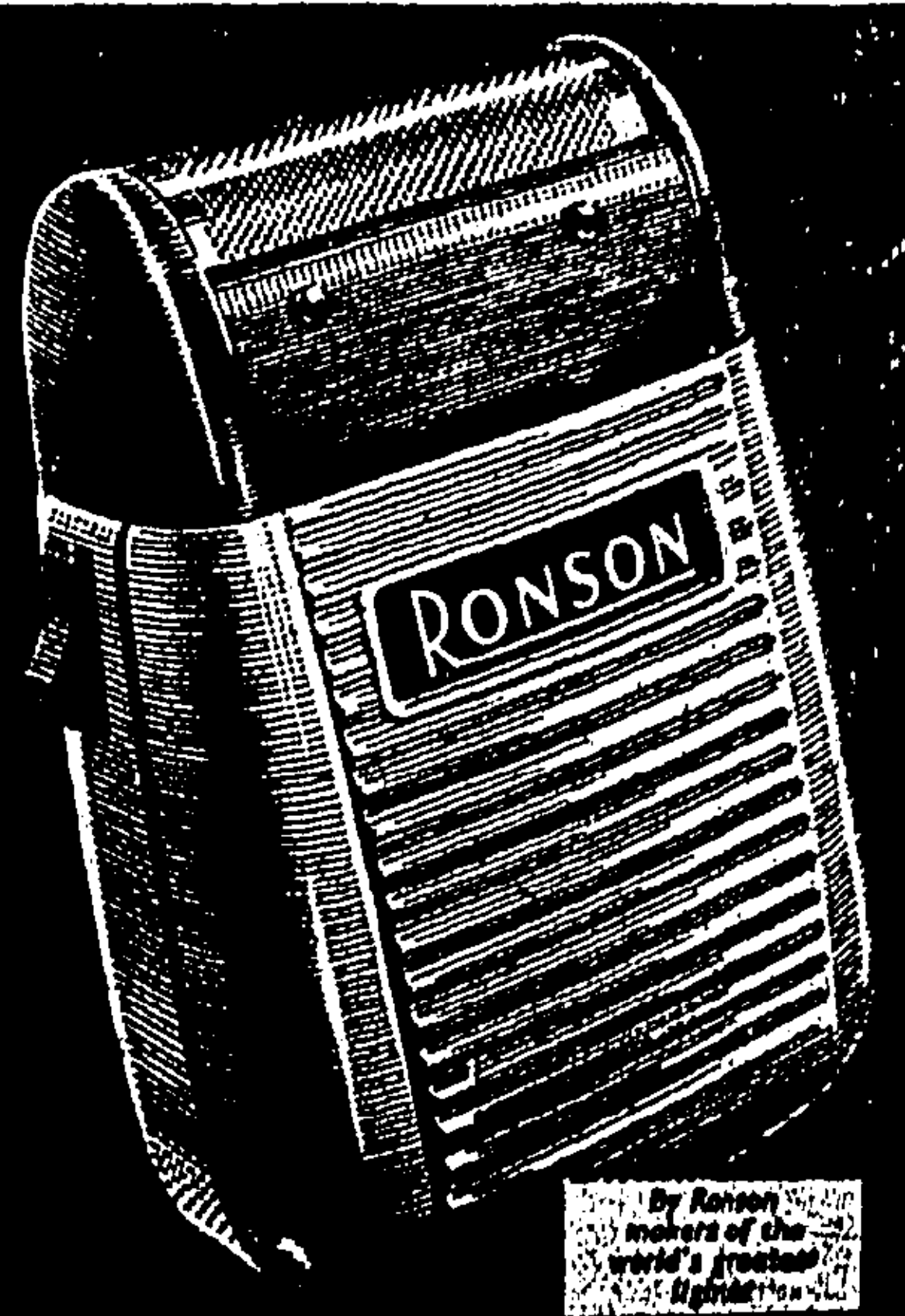
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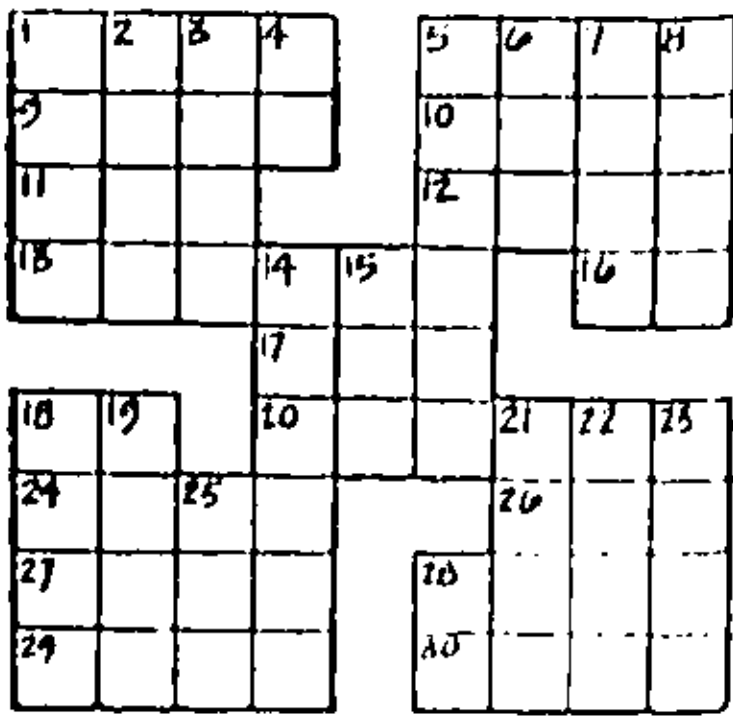


FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



TRIANGLE

The Puzzlemaster has hung his triangle from OCTOBER. The second word is "cut for serving", third, "handle"; fourth, "egg-shaped"; fifth, "wager"; and sixth, "a boy's nickname".

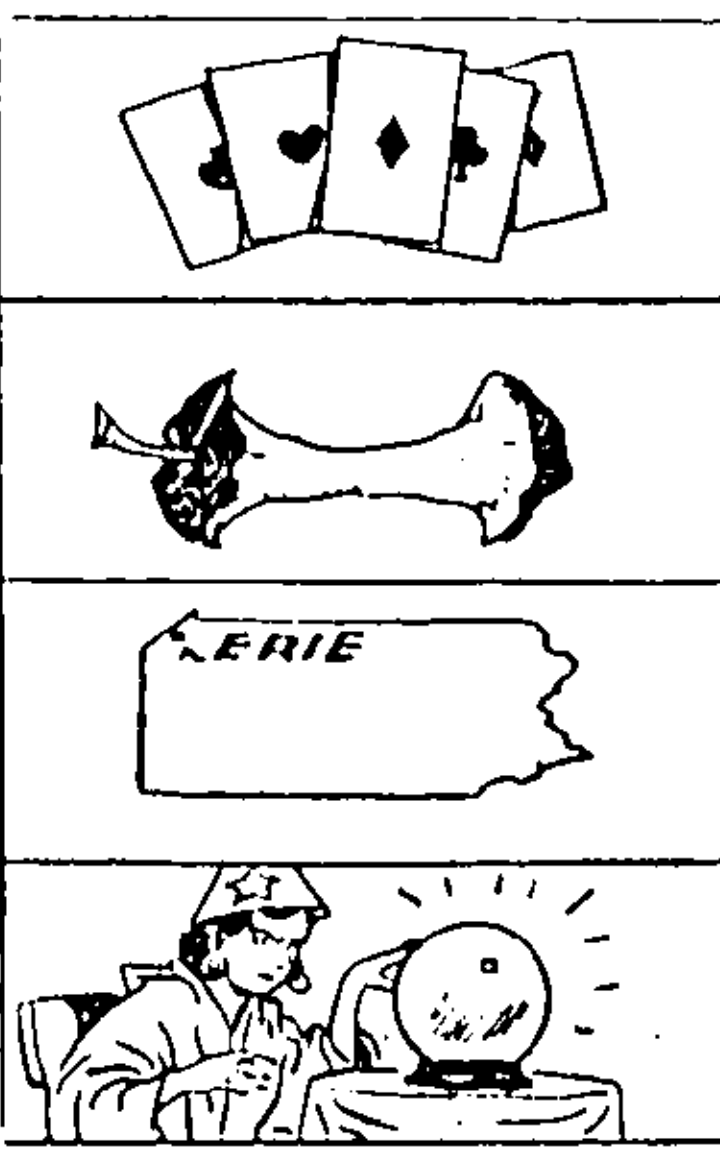
OCTOBER
C
T
O
B
E
R

ANAGRAM ADDITION

Add a letter to "a male child" and readjust to form "and victims"; repeat for "face organs"; again for "hangman"; again for "relatives' faultiness".

PICTURE WORD SQUARE

From these pictures form a four-letter word to cover each line and you'll find it reads the same down as across when you complete the square:



(Solutions on Page 20)

RIDDLES

1. Why should buying trousers on credit be considered dishonourable?
2. When is a soldier not half a soldier?
3. Why is a person bathing in the river at Paris like a madman?
4. Why was Noah in the Ark like a disappointed rat-catcher?
5. Which of your teeth are like a dressmaker's finger and thumb when she is cutting out a dress?

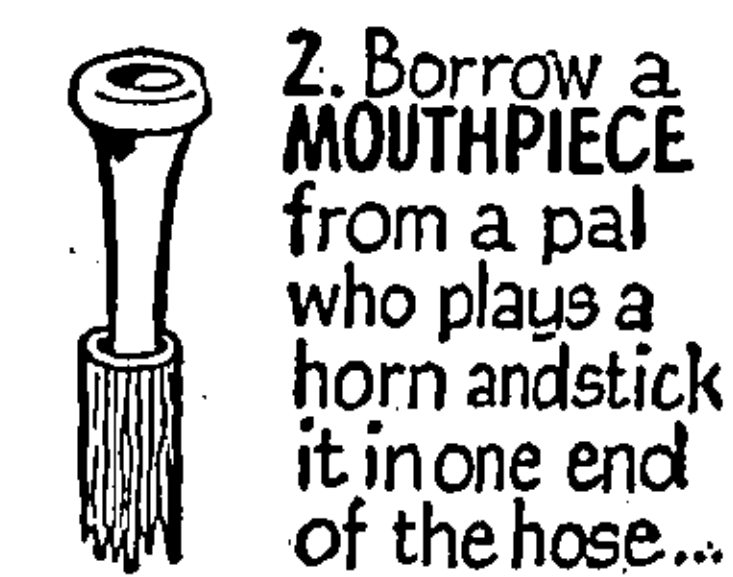
RIGHT OR WRONG?

- Decide which, if any, of these statements are wrong:
1. Water is a mineral.
 2. A steel ball will sink in all liquids.
 3. Cats can see in the dark.
 4. Any female bird is a ladybird.



1. Find a long piece of RUBBER HOSE or TUBING with about a 1/2 inch hole.

ABOUT 7 OR 8 FEET LONG



2. Borrow a MOUTHPIECE from a pal who plays a horn and stick it in one end of the hose... (IF IT DOESN'T FIT TIGHTLY, WRAP ADHESIVE TAPE AROUND THE CONNECTION)

3. Stick a large TIN FUNNEL into the other end and wrap joint with tape so it will stay on.



NOW I PRACTICE YOUR RUBLE CALLS!

SOMETHING NEW IN ART

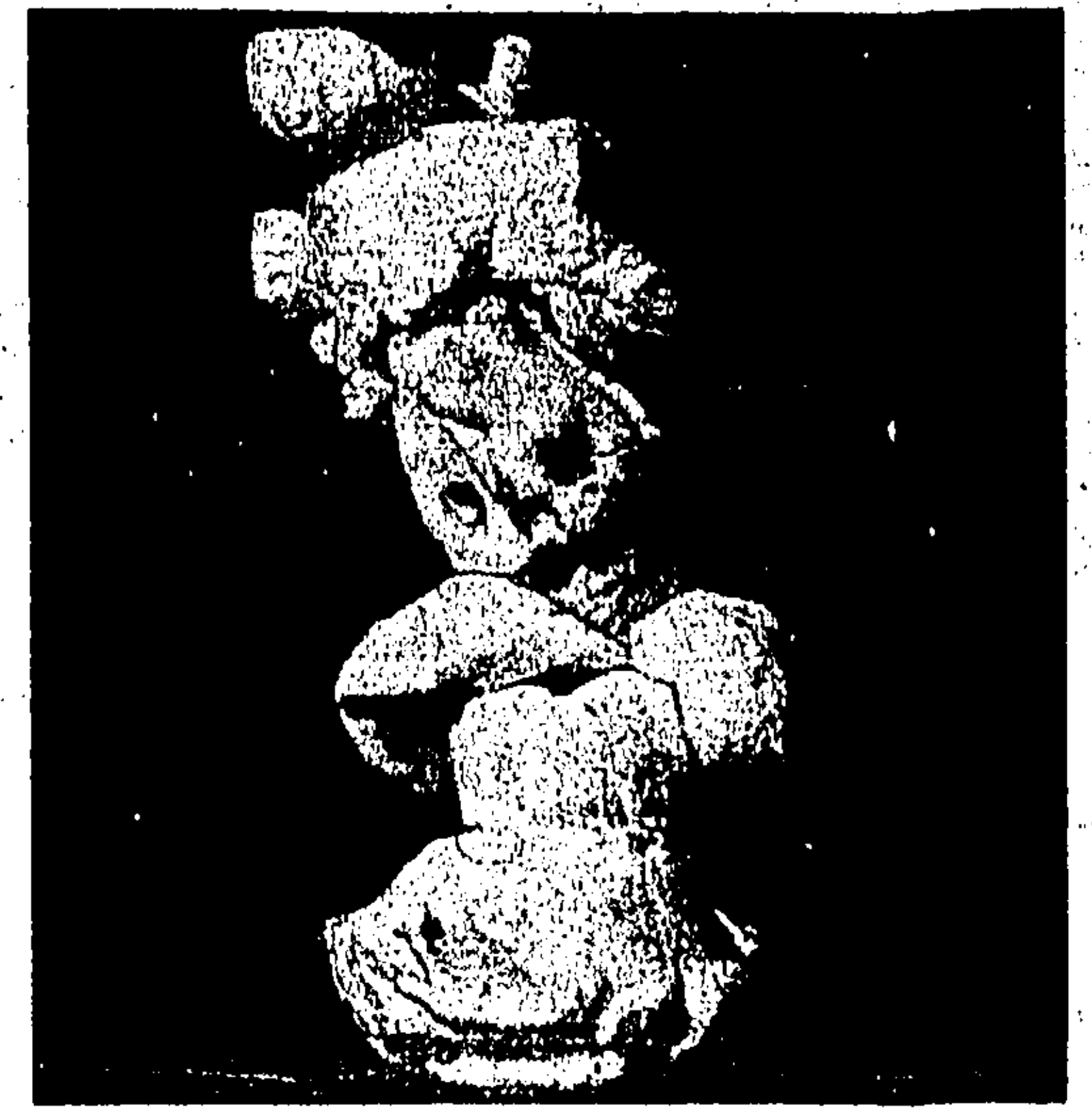
TINY FIGURES MADE OF POPCORN



Young art students in one grade school in Dodge City, Kas., make creatures like boys and a dog, above.



This haughty poodle, like the others, are made of popcorn grains. The fantastic figures are glued together.



Odd pieces and pencil marks may be used to complete creation. This is "Miss Popper," a saucy lady in a fancy hat.

Mary Jane Looks Grand

—To Everybody But The Next Door Neighbour Children—

By MAX TRELL

"I was bright and early in the morning, Mary Jane the Rag Doll, sitting in her favourite corner of the Playroom, called across the room to her good friend General Tin the Tin Soldier.

"Good morning!" she said.

"Good morning, Mary Jane!" General Tin called back. "You're looking very well today."

A Pretty Smile

"Thank you, thank you very kindly," said Mary Jane. Then she smiled with the pretty smile that was painted on her plain cloth face.

Just then, the door opened a little and Cat came in. "Good morning, Mrs. Purr Purr," said Mary Jane to the Cat.

"Good morning, Mary Jane," said the Cat, standing in front of the Rag Doll and purring at her. "You're looking very, very well this morning."

Everyone Agreed

Then Knarf and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-out names, came into the Playroom and told Mary Jane how well she looked; and Mr. Punch told her how well she looked; and Hiawatha, the wooden Indian, told her how well she looked, and so did Teddy the Stuffed Bear and Mr. Merlin the Magnificent Magician.



Mary Jane rode around the garden on the Cat's back.

Everyone told Mary Jane how very well she looked.

"Thank you all kindly," Mary Jane said, trying with all her might to smile more than she had ever smiled before. But she couldn't do that because the smile was painted on her little cloth face and couldn't be improved.

She Looks Pale

But a curious thing happened. Just as Mary Jane, who looked so fine and felt so fine, was about to go into the garden to have a fine time with all her friends, the next-door neighbour children came in. They took one look at Mary Jane and said: "Mary Jane looks pale today."

"No! I feel fine!" cried Mary Jane. But the next-door neighbour children couldn't hear her. "I'm sure she doesn't feel very well today. She ought to be put to bed. We'd better call the doctor," said Mary Jane.

"I feel wonderful! I feel grand! I never felt better in my life! I don't need any doctor!" Mary Jane kept shouting. Alas, not a word did the next-door neighbour children hear.

They Put Her To Bed

So they put poor Mary Jane to bed. They covered her up warmly. They called the doctor and they gave her a pill.

But the story has a happy ending after all.

Mary Jane was so eager not to be sick that she fell out of bed, which is something only the healthiest and strongest and best feeling rag doll can ever hope to do.

"She's better! She's all better!" shouted the next-door neighbour children and they took her out to the garden and let her play with the others to her heart's content.

"Why! Mary Jane looks just grand!" the next-door neighbour children said, as they put her on the Cat's back and let her ride around the garden.

"Thank you! I feel grand! That's what I tried to tell you!" shouted Mary Jane at the top of her voice.

This time, I think, the next-door neighbour children heard her.

Courage Of Teen-age French Hero Will Make His Name Live Forever

IT WAS A RATHER pleasant day on Oct. 14, 1885, and the scene was France. If you look at your map of France you can find the Jura Mountains. In a meadow there were six little shepherd boys. They were talking about various things and yet keeping an eye on their flocks.

Along the road came a dog. The foaming jaws of the animal spelt a message of just two words: "Mad Dog!" One of the youngsters shouted and the rest took up the cry. They ran in all directions and the dog started to go after the children.



There was a brave boy, but fourteen yet fully determined to save his companions.

His name was Gupille and armed only with a whip he met the oncoming mad dog. The animal grabbed the boy's right hand in his jaws. A struggle took place to free that hand, and the left hand was also bitten. The whip fell to the ground.

Did You Know?

It takes about four times as much heat to raise the temperature of water one degree as it does to warm the same weight of air one degree.

All American Indians are legal citizens of the United States.

Pilgrimages as a Christian practice began to have increasing importance about the ninth century.

A ship is launched stern first or sideways, not bow first.

Sea anemones look like flowering plants but really are animals.

"Get me that whip," shouted Gupille to his younger brother. He then lashed the jaws of the animal together. He had to think in a hurry.

On his feet were the wooden sabots worn by the children and the peasants. Off came that wooden sabot and he hit the mad animal with it. Then the boy dragged the animal to a stream and held the head under water for a few minutes. That mad dog would never hurt another child again.

SOON THE ENTIRE village of Villers-Farlay heard about the brave deed of this 14-year-old boy. His wounds were cleaned and bandaged. Two veterinary experts examined the carcass of the dead animal. And then they gave to the people of the village the terrible news. "The animal was suffering from hydrophobia."

That meant that the brave boy, Gupille, would die a slow and painful death. For in those days the bite of a rabid dog was almost always fatal.

But then the mayor of Villers-Farlay remembered something! During the summer he had been to see a chemist the name of Pasteur. It was said that this man had discovered a way to prevent hydrophobia.

THE MAYOR at once wrote a letter and said that the brave boy would die at once unless he could get the new treatment. Pasteur wrote to bring the boy at once to Paris. For Pasteur had tried his new method on a little boy by the name of Joseph Meister.

This nine-year-old Alsatian boy had been bitten by a mad dog. The boy was brought to Pasteur and given the treatment two and a half days after being bitten. His life was saved and he was the first patient to receive the new treatment.

Should you ever go to Paris, visit the Pasteur Institute. For there you will see a statue of a young lad battling desperately with a mad dog. A statue to a hero of fourteen years of age.

When he fought to save his companions, he knew deep down in his heart he would be doomed by the bites of the animal. Could one ask for greater courage from any boy?

For in that second when he could have run away in a different direction, he made a tremendous decision: To lay down his life to save his companions. He lived and that statue commemorates one of the bravest deeds ever performed by a young boy.

Wallpaper Wasn't Always In Rolls

By Lee Priestley

ONE morning in 1688 Jean Papillon, a French artist and craftsman, sat down at his drawing board to begin his day's work. But after a few minutes spent frowning at the half-completed design, he threw down his tools in dissatisfaction.

"What is wrong, Jean?" asked the worker at the next table. "Why do you stare at the bright sunshine of this good morning with a brow like a thunder cloud?"

Jean Papillon sighed. "I don't know exactly. Yesterday I went to see the salon of the Countess where some of our papers are being applied to the walls and I came away feeling that something is all wrong with the work we are doing here."

"Wrong?" the other craftsman repeated in astonishment. "When we make here the finest papers in all France? Observe, my friend! Here we paint, and stencil the newest small designs; we paint birds and flowers in imitation of the Chinese who first invented paper; we make imitation marbles and the 'flock' papers that look like brocaded velvet when we scatter finely cut wool or silk on a design printed in glue. What more would you have?"

"Repeat!" That gave him a new idea.

"Repeat!"

"You are right that our individual squares of paper are beautiful," Jean Papillon agreed. "It is when they are pasted up on the walls that they are wrong. The designs do not match and the effect is troubling."

And so it was Jean Papillon designed some papers in repeating motifs that could be matched at all the edges. He was actually the inventor of wallpaper as we know it today.

Following his idea, the French dominated the paper-making world for some of the finest wallpaper designs were made in France.

THE PIKE HAS THE LONGEST LIFE OF ANY FISH, WITH A LIFE EXPECTANCY OF SEVENTY YEARS.

ONE OF MAN'S EARLIEST AGRICULTURAL PRACTICES WAS THAT OF SHEEP RAISING, ORIGINATING IN CENTRAL ASIA. SHEEP WERE BROUGHT TO EUROPE BY PHOENICIAN TRADERS WHO WERE DISCOVERED IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE TIBET. SHEEP WERE INTRODUCED TO THE BRITISH ISLES BY THE ROMANS IN 43 A.D.



The artist looked at his work and muttered, "Repeat, repeat!" That gave him a new idea.

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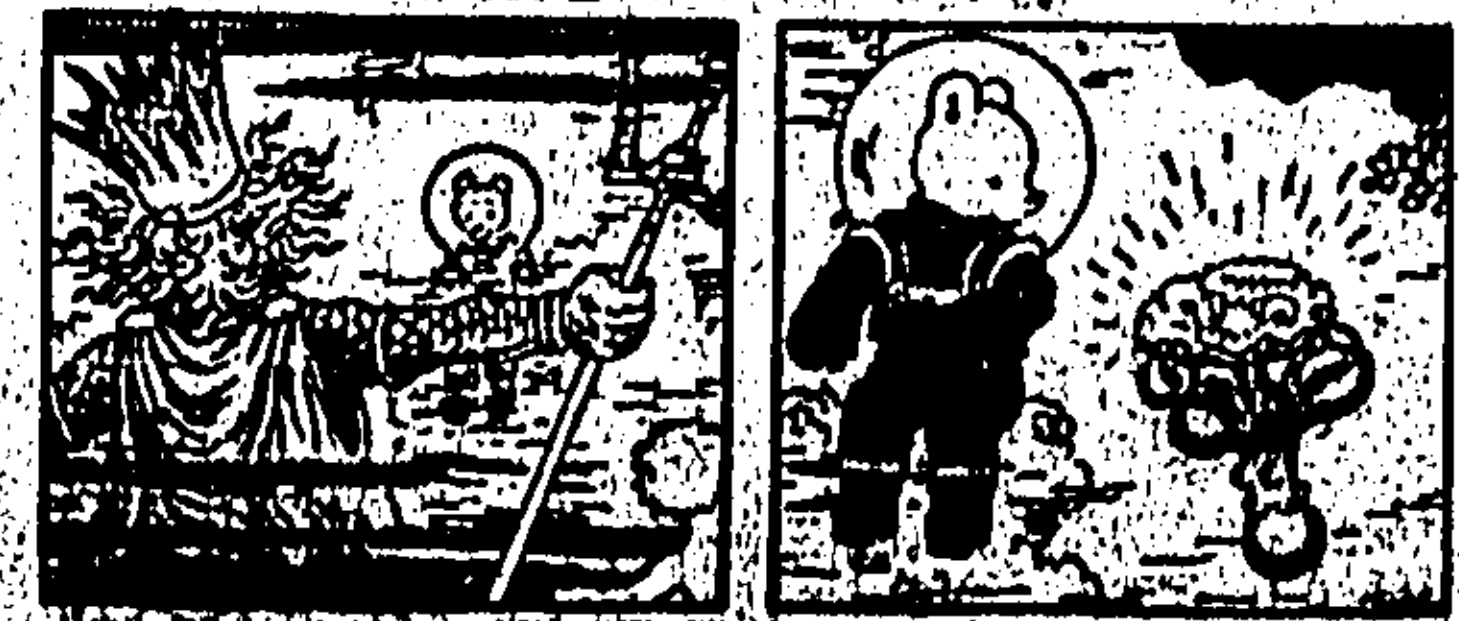
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Rupert's Deep Sea Adventure—36



King Neptune, ruler of the sea, was very angry with the sailors who had taken Rupert and his friends to the bottom of the ocean. He ordered them to be put in the stocks. But Rupert and his friends were so brave and so kind that they won the sympathy of the sea creatures. They were set free and allowed to go home.



1956 ANNUAL

